

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

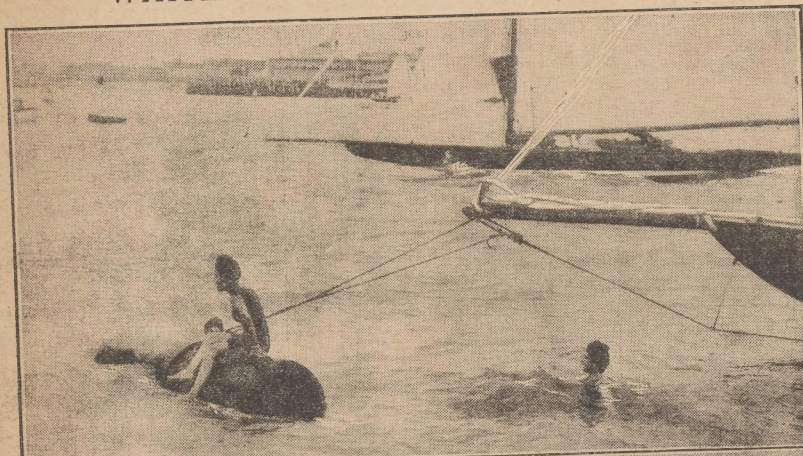
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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

WHITE WINGS AT THE SEASIDE.



The upper photograph shows yachts of the Royal Albert Yacht Club at their moorings at Southsea, with some fair swimmers disporting themselves in the waves around them. Beneath is a snapshot of the race for yachts under fifty tons, showing Mr. C. H. Holland's cutter Nan at the moment her topmast was carried away.

SOUTHPORT'S CARNIVAL QUEEN AND HER GUARD OF HONOUR.



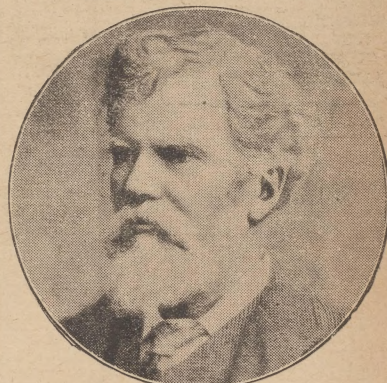
Group photographed in the recreation ground at Southport, showing the little queen of the carnival in her crown and robes of state surrounded by her escort of honour of miniature Yeomen of the Guard.

NOT AN ENGAGEMENT.



Miss Alice Roosevelt, whom the Sultan of Sulu has asked to become his eighth wife. The American President's daughter thanked the Sultan for the compliment and agreed to consider the matter.

DEATH OF AN R.A.



Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., who died yesterday after a long illness. Mr. Waterhouse, who was seventy-five years of age, was one of the most distinguished architects of his time.

ADMIRAL DEAD.



Admiral Sir Arthur Cochrane, K.C.B., uncle of the present Earl of Dundonald, who has just died at the age of eighty-one years.—(Lafayette.)

PEACE HOPES GROW FAINTER.

Envoys Await the Word to
Break Off the Conference.

PREPARING TO LEAVE

Everything Points to a Continuance
of the War.

Prospects of peace grow fainter and fainter. Yesterday was expected to decide the question. But as a matter of fact the plenipotentiaries did nothing. They are simply waiting for the word from their home Governments that is either to settle the terms of the treaty or put a million men in Manchuria once more in battle array.

Meanwhile pessimism reigns supreme, and the envoys are making preparations for departure. The only point in favour of peace is that the negotiations have not yet been broken off, as was expected. The meeting of the Conference which was to have taken place yesterday afternoon has been postponed till to-day.

WAITING TSAR'S ORDERS.

Japanese Will Not Yield Claim for Indemnity
and Cession of Territory.

PORTSMOUTH (N.H.), Tuesday.—It has been decided to postpone until to-morrow the meeting of the Peace Conference, which was to have taken place this afternoon.

Although the official reason assigned for the postponement of the meeting of the Conference is the fact that the drafting of the protocols is not yet completed, it is suggested that the real reason for the delay is that M. Witte is awaiting final instructions from St. Petersburg.

There are strong indications that when the Conference reassembles the Japanese plenipotentiaries will intimate that they are prepared to forego Articles X. and XI. of the peace terms, which relate to the interned warships and the limitation of Russian naval power in the Far East; but it is not believed here that they are prepared to recede from the position which they have taken up with regard to Articles V. and IX., dealing with the Saghalien and the indemnity questions.—Reuter.

"GREED AND OBSTINACY."

Russians Say Hope Is Absolutely Lost Through
Japan's Excessive Demands.

NEW YORK, Tuesday Morning.—The Portsmouth correspondents of the "New York World" and the "New York Sun" have obtained an official statement of the Russian position, which runs as follows:—

"We do not believe in the possibility of peace resulting from the present situation.

"We cannot say before to-morrow that all hope is absolutely lost, but the hope seems to us small that, in fact, we consider all hope is lost.

"We consider now, as we have always done, that peace is an absolute necessity for Russia, but the greediness and obstinacy of the Japanese will compel the continuance of the war.

"We deny in the most formal manner that President Roosevelt has proposed that the Russians shall buy Saghalien for the amount of the indemnity.

"We wish further to announce that the Tsar sent personally to M. Witte telegrams from General Linievitch praying the Tsar to continue the war."—Central News.

CONCESSIONS FROM JAPAN.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The "New York Times" publishes a telegram from Oyster Bay in which it is predicted that concessions on the part of Japan will be announced at Portsmouth to-day.

The other newspapers are pessimistic, but they generally agree that the Conference will continue from day to day.—Reuter.

"NEXT MEETING IN TOKIO."

TOKIO, Tuesday.—Discussing the prospects of peace, the "Jiji Shimpo" to-day says: "Should the peace negotiations fail the responsibility will rest with Russia and not with Japan. If the Russians refuse to accept our terms it would be advisable for our delegates to withdraw and to tell them that the next meeting will take place in Tokio."—Reuter's Special Service.

It is announced from Moscow that the subscriptions to the new internal Russian 5 per cent. loan of £20,000,000 have so far been very unsatisfactory, only £20,000 having been applied for.

GERMAN MASSACRE.

French Soldiers in West Africa
Shot Down on the Frontier.

GRAVE INCIDENT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—No little sensation has been caused here by a remarkable story, for which the "Eclair" is responsible, of French soldiers having been massacred by German troops at Missum-Missum, on the Franco-German frontier in West Africa.

The report, which has given rise to considerable disquietude and comment in diplomatic circles, is based on a report from the Colonial Administrator, M. Roussaire, dated May 9.

In this it is alleged that German troops, under Lieutenant Schumann, drew the French soldiers into an ambush and then massacred them without mercy.

In the course of a scathing editorial the "Eclair" refers to the more or less evident part played in the affair by Colonel Thys, the real inspirer of Belgian Imperialism in the Congo.

Reuter says that it was certainly not the German Government which caused Lieutenant Schumann to fire on the French native sharpshooters. Responsibility for the act must, it is declared, fall on the South Cameroon Company and Colonel Thys, of Brussels, vice-president and administrator of the society.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Alpine Glacier Lifts the Veil from a Mystery
of the Ice.

GRINDELWALD, Tuesday.—A body, which appeared to have been a long time in the ice, was found in a crevasse in the Upper Glacier last evening by a party of tourists.

It is supposed that the body is that of a Dr. Haller, of Berne, who, with two guides, disappeared about twenty-five years ago while on a tour from the Grimsel Pass to Grindelwald, and of whom nothing was subsequently heard.—Reuter.

While endeavouring to lower himself by a rope down a precipitous crag near the Schern, says a Reuter's Innsbruck telegram, a private of the 2nd Field Jaeger Battalion fell a terrible distance and was dashed to pieces. Two other fatalities are also reported from Innsbruck.

GENDARME FIRED FIRST.

Desperate Bandit Arrested while Courting
the Landlady of an Inn.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MARSEILLES, Tuesday.—During the last six weeks the famous bandit, Joseph Trabucco, has repeatedly held up and robbed passers-by on the road between Avignon and this city. Till to-day he has laughed at the efforts of the gendarmery to capture him.

Early this morning he was reported to be in the bar of an inn near Avignon, for the landlady of which he had a tender passion. A gendarme in uniform boldly entered and Trabucco promptly drew a revolver.

But the gendarme was prepared for this and fired first, breaking Trabucco's arm, when the latter was easily arrested.

DOLPHINS AS FOOD.

Famished Sailors' Last Resource in the
Atlantic.

An Exchange telegram from New York says that the steamer Athos, laden with a cargo of fruit, which was twelve days overdue, arrived safely at New York yesterday in tow of the steamer Altai.

Owing to heavy seas the machinery became disabled, and the vessel became helpless.

Food and water ran out, and the whole ship's company was reduced to subsist on dolphins until the steamer Montevideo appeared, when she was able to revictual.

A FAMOUS AGRICULTURIST.

Mr. Clare Sewell Read, the well-known authority on agricultural matters, has died at his residence in London.

BEE KILLS MAN IN TEN MINUTES

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Tuesday.—Herr Weinhold, a mill-owner, whilst driving, was stung in the left ear by a bee, and in ten minutes was dead.

A doctor stated that the poison had reached the heart.

SICK MONKEY IN A HOSPITAL.

Performing Animal Being Treated at
Charing Cross for Pneumonia.

A performing monkey is now numbered among the out-patients at the Charing Cross Hospital, and the house physicians are using all their skill to relieve the creature from an acute attack of pneumonia.

Dolly, a monkey from the Ohlms' trained-animal troupe at the Coliseum, was taken to the hospital a few days ago for a minor operation.

The animal was placed under an anæsthetic by Dr. Rowland, and a swelling on her elbow was successfully lanced.

Now Dolly has contracted pneumonia, and is being taken to the hospital every day swathed in bandages, to receive as careful treatment as any of the human patients do.

This is the second time that an animal has been treated at Charing Cross.

Some time ago Esau, the champagne-drinking ape, was refused there as an in-patient, but was later given out-patient attention.

A FAMOUS ARCHITECT.

Vigorous Opponent of the "Sky-Sign" and
All Kinds of Unsightly Advertising.

Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., passed away at Yattendon Court, his Berkshire residence, yesterday.

He was born at Liverpool seventy-five years ago, and began his study of the art which he was so greatly to adorn under the late Mr. Richard Lane, of Manchester; the Assize Courts in that city was the first work which gave him claim to distinction.

Notable among his London works are the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, the University College Hospital, St. Paul's School, the Prudential Assurance Company's several offices, and the National Liberal Club.

One of the most cherished aims of Mr. Waterhouse's life was to "check the practice of disfiguring public buildings and the natural beauties of the country by hideous advertisements."

He was the head and front, several years ago, of a movement which accomplished considerable good in this direction—doing no little, for example, towards the abolition of the once ubiquitous "sky-sign."

BRITISH FLEETS WELCOME.

Warships' Officers and Crews Feted in Den-
mark and the Azores.

After a visit to the cathedral Rear-Admiral Neville and the other officers of the British Channel Fleet were entertained yesterday by the Mayor of Ribe, Denmark, at a luncheon attended by prominent persons, says Reuter.

Responding to the toast of the British Navy, Admiral Neville said the ties between Denmark and Britain were intimate. Britain had received Queen Alexandra from Denmark, and he might say the Queen was the most popular lady in the whole world.

H.M. cruiser Sapphire and eleven torpedo-boat destroyers arrived from Ymuiden during Monday night, and joined the Channel Fleet off Graa Dyb. The destroyers coaled in Esbjerg Harbour yesterday morning from British colliers.

The same agency states from Ponta Delgada, in the Azores, that His Majesty's battleships King Edward VII., New Zealand, and Commonwealth, with the repair ship Assistance, arrived there yesterday. The town was decorated and great festivities have been arranged in honour of the fleet. There were illuminations last night.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

M. Santos-Dumont has successfully navigated his new airship, No. 14, over sea and beach at Trouville, both with and against the wind.

Mr. Barnard, the driver of the motor-car which ran into some of Lord Willoughby de Broke's hunters, lies in a precarious condition at Warming-ton.

A passenger's foot was yesterday crushed between two cars at Temple Station, and traffic was delayed twenty minutes before he was extricated and taken to King's College Hospital.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Squally westerly winds; changeable; occasional rain in all districts; fair intervals; mild.

Lighting-up time, 8.5 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east, rather rough in the west.

PRINCE OF CRIME.

Romantic Life Passed in Persistent
Law-Breaking.

"BEWILDERED BY FATE."

An awful romance of crime—the life story of a man who, blending desperate law-breaking with a tender love of scholarship—has just terminated by the execution at Toowoong (Queensland), for murder, of James Warton.

His career, published at length by the Sydney "Sunday Times," marks him out as being one of the most remarkable criminals who have ever come under the notice of the courts.

Warton, who was fifty-seven years of age, had half a dozen aliases. His sentences ran to fifty-two years in New Zealand and Australia, forty-two years of which he served.

Going to Victoria from Ireland when he was seven years of age, Warton made the acquaintance of Pentridge Gaol when he was ten.

By the time he had been in the colony sixteen years his record showed sentences for vagrancy, larceny, robbery under arms, and burglary, totalling thirteen years.

GAOL AS COLLEGE.

In gaol he industriously set about educating himself. He read widely, and specially studied music and history. The lives of Frederick the Great and Napoleon enthralled him, and no detail concerning them was too small for him to seize upon with avidity.

He also became an expert in shorthand, and was for a time a journalist.

Then he went to New Zealand, where, but for his irresistible penchant for a criminal career, he might have won distinction as an honest walk of life.

He became a schoolmaster at a mining centre, and his advertisement, inserted in the local paper, has been brought to light. This led to his engagement by a Roman Catholic priest to conduct classes. These he continued to preside over for a while, but he ended in robbing his employer of £40.

Going to Dunedin, he showed large religious tolerance by attending the Sunday-school and teaching Scripture in it to Protestant children.

On the night of the same day that he gave religious instruction he robbed the house of Bishop Moran. He duly appeared before the Criminal court, charged with the robbery, and also with breaking and entering one of the Dunedin theatres and stealing whiskers, "make-up," and other theatrical properties.

SINISTER PROPHECY.

When he came out of gaol the man is reported to have had an interview with a police-inspector, in which he made a sinister boast. "I tell you," he bragged, "that I could commit a murder in such a way that nobody could sheet it home to me."

Within a week after a shocking murder was committed in Dunedin, and Butler, or Warton, was arrested as the alleged perpetrator, and put on his trial.

In his address to the jury, which lasted six hours, Warton ridiculed the old saw, "Murder will out."

When the jury was out Warton remarked that a disagreement was certain. One of the jurymen parted his hair in the middle. "And," observed the incorrigible criminal, "all men who part their hair down the middle are fools. I know I have convinced that one." He got off.

At the Queensland murder trial Warton made a dramatic address to the jury, and succeeded in getting a verdict of murder, instead of wilful murder, returned. In the course of his address he exclaimed passionately:—

"If a police-inspector's camera had been turned upon me it would have shown me as a bird fascinated by a snake—bewildered by Fate in front, behind, and around me."

However, this remarkable criminal has now, as stated, suffered at last the extreme penalty.

THIEVES' CLEVER RUSE.

Dramatic and Sensational Incident in a
Crowded Auction-Room.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

STRASBOURG, Tuesday.—"Three marks! Going at three marks," said the auctioneer, "this splendid new revolver for three—three marks fifty, thank you—three fifty; it works perfectly, I assure you—going." Bang!

A scream, and a girl collapsed insensible in the arms of a stout old dame behind her. An angry roar went up from the crowd in the saleroom, and a rush was made for the auctioneer. Despairingly he raised the revolver to his forehead. The chief auctioneer, snatched the weapon and fired the remaining five bullets into the ceiling.

When the police had restored order the wounded lady has disappeared. So also had two Louis Seize watches and an old silver chalice.

Meanwhile a harmless young man was discovered with a bullet in his thigh.

The Queen, Princess Victoria, and General Sir Dighton Probyn visited Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife at Mar Lodge yesterday afternoon.

BREAKFAST TABLE PROBLEMS.

Rise in Prices Means Spending
£5,000,000 a Year.

THE DEAR RASHER.

If the chief articles found upon the breakfast-table maintain their present value for twelve months it will mean that at the end of a year the inhabitants of the United Kingdom will have spent nearly £5,000,000 more on their breakfasts than they did in the previous year.

That, in a few words, is the meaning of a penny rise in the price of a pound of butter and the price of a pound of bacon. It does not include the rise in sardines and Canadian cheese.

During the year 1904 we imported and ate:—

6,883,035cwt. of bacon and ham.	
4,134,285cwt. of butter.	
188,467cwt. of sardines.	
2,097,447cwt. of cheese.	

The money spent in foreign countries and the Colonies on these articles, and the amount eaten per head of the population, is estimated as follows:—

	Value.	Eaten per head.
Bacon and ham	£15,907,141	17.250lb.
Butter	£21,117,162	10.877lb.
Sardines	£204,872	6.822lb.
Cheese	£5,849,776	6.822lb.

If we eat the same quantity this year, and the price remains as it is at present, we shall spend, on an average, something like three-farthings more on each pound of bacon and ham, or £2,200,000 altogether.

£2,500,000 More in Butter.

Butter is a still more serious item, for while more is eaten every year, the rise in price is at least 1d. The increased cost of our butter, then, may be estimated at £2,500,000.

Sardines, which cost us £500,872 last year, are from 1d. to 2d. dearer, so that the extra sum expended upon this luxury will be something like £100,000.

The cheese figures are more difficult to use as a basis of calculation, because it is only certain varieties of cheese that are dearer, but it may be reckoned that unless prices fall we shall spend £2750,000 more upon this article of food.

This, then, is the meaning of the "breakfast-table rise":—

£2,200,000 more in bacon and ham.	
£2,500,000 more in butter.	
£100,000 more in sardines.	
£2750,000 more in cheese.	

Total £9,550,000

While the rise lasts, then, we are spending £100,000 a week more on food than we have been doing for some time.

Consolation in Tea.

Fortunately tea has fallen 2d. a pound—thanks to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and we are therefore paying about £50,000 a week less than we should have been paying had the rise in butter, cheese, and bacon been experienced before the tea duty was made smaller.

For millions of people the present price of food is a most serious thing, for the very poorest practically live on tea, bread, butter, and bacon. It means that, half-starved as they are, they will have to eat still less.

Among the reasons given for the rise in food are the following:—

Butter—Increase in consumption; falling-off in Siberian supply because of the war; drought in Germany.	
Sardines—Failure of the harvest.	
Cheese—Increased demand.	
Bacon—Swine disease in Denmark; "cobines" in America.	

TEA AT 35s. PER POUND.

Eight Choice Chests of Record Value Arrive in Mincing-lane.

Eight tea-chests which arrived at Messrs. Pearks's warehouse yesterday contained "broken orange Pekoe," which, if sold in a shop, would cost 35s. a pound.

Ten minutes after Messrs. Pearks had paid 25s. a lb. for it in Mincing-lane, they refused an offer of 30s.

Every year there is one parcel of Assam tea which all the dealers make a great effort to buy. It consists of the golden tips of the finest plants grown on the most famous of the plantations.

This year the parcel consisted of 390lb. of tea, which was of even better quality than usual. There was such a rush for it that it realised a price five times as high as the 5s. 1d. for which the next best parcel was sold.

The U.S. Marine Hospital Board has been notified that there have been 111 deaths in forty days from yellow fever in Honduras, whence the infection was brought to New Orleans.

"ONE PLUM PER TREE."

Stormy Weather Has Devastated British
Fruit Crops.

"Many fruit-growers are facing ruin. It is the worst year for English fruit, in fact, that we have known for many years."

A well-known Covent Garden salesman told a *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday how scores of English growers had failed to grow any fruit at all.

Apples would be very scarce, he said, and almost all of them would come from America. English plums, too, had failed to meet the demand and were very dear.

Bears were even worse, and in this case the American crop and the Confederate crop had failed as well. There were a few of the commoner sorts, but ordinary Williams were selling wholesale at a penny each. There would be no late pears at all. Damsons would be the only fruit which would be plentiful.

"The weather seems to have conspired to ruin the English grower," said the dealer. "At one time the seasons looked promising, but then the east winds came along and nipped up everything."

"A friend of mine who usually sends many tens of plums to Covent Garden, offered to sell all his crop for £5 some weeks ago. As it is, it is not worth 3s., for the average yield is about one plum to a tree."

"If we had to depend on British fruit pears would be a sovereign each."

LONDON'S RIVAL MARTS.

Will Portman Market Become the Centre of
Distribution Instead of Covent Garden?

Is Covent Garden to cease to be the Mecca of London's flower, fruit, and vegetable dealers?

The reopening of Portman Market, in Church-street, Edgware-road, is said to foreshadow the time when Covent Garden will be pulled down to make way for more valuable buildings.

The ground now occupied by the great vegetable mart is becoming so valuable that the dealers will soon be driven to the outlying districts. The Portman Market is anticipating this exodus.

A meeting of prominent growers is called for tomorrow morning at the Portman Market to arrange for the opening of active trading.

ENGLAND'S WASP PLAGUE.

Scientist Declares It Due to Negligence in Not
Deskoying Last Year's Nests.

A wasp plague has fallen upon England this season. Farmers in all quarters of the country report that considerable damage is being inflicted upon horses and stock by the vicious insects.

"The present plague of wasps is due to the fact that the residents of the wasp-infested districts did not take steps to stamp out the insects last season," said Mr. Waterhouse, of the South Kensington Museum, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "All the wasp-nests should have been destroyed last year, and this season's plague could have been avoided."

In the case of a wasp's sting an application of dilute ammonia brings the most immediate relief. Bathing with lime-water will also neutralise the poison.

"P.C. STRADIVARIUS."

Harmonious Constable Who Spent His Spare
Time in Making Violins.

There has just retired from the Metropolitan Police Force at Beckenham a police-constable who has considerable reputation in the musical world as the maker of high-class violins.

During his twenty-five years' service with the constabulary of the metropolis, Police-constable Gaskin has devoted his spare time to the making of hand-made violins, this class of instrument being in every way immensely superior to the machine-made variety.

He has produced violins which have gained the commendation of Kubelik, Mme. Amy Sherwin, and others. When Kubelik was at Bromley, Kent, recently he had an interview with the gifted policeman, and very highly praised the instruments he saw and tested.

INVADIED BY ELEPHANTS.

Terror seized the inhabitants of Coerney, a small township forty miles from Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, when a herd of thirty elephants left the bush and approached the station.

The people climbed to the roofs of their houses, and the men took aim at the visitors and brought down a tussock cow, when the remainder stampeded. Want of water in the forest had driven the elephants towards a dam near the town.

CHANNEL HONOURS.

Miss Kellermann's Final Practice
Swim Off Dover.

READY TO START TO-DAY.

There were disconsolate faces in Dover at 2.30 yesterday morning, when two out of the five Channel swimmers were timed to set off on their long journey.

A hard, south-westerly wind was blowing through the darkness, and a heavy sea running. To add to the chagrin of the aspirants for Channel honours the cold was penetratingly keen, and fit and ready though the swimmers were to try their luck, it was apparent that the weather was altogether unfavourable.

Everyone having taken a short, uncomfortable trip upon a tug, or stood meditatively upon the beach, it was decided that Messrs. Wolfe and Mew would be well advised to postpone their attempt.

When day broke the first to greet the wind and sea was Miss Annette Kellermann, the plucky young Australian girl, who will attempt this herculean feat of swimming from England to France for the *Daily Mirror* trophy. Without hat, with her brown hair blowing about her face, she walked down the pier just after seven o'clock.

"It's blowing," she said cheerfully. "I suppose the others couldn't go this morning."

She sympathised with them. "Well, we'll all go together," said this charming girl with a smile, "and we'll race there."

Almost Miraculous Escape.

Five minutes later it scarcely seemed possible that a young girl could accomplish what Miss Kellermann did with ease. The wind was blowing hard, and the two in the small boat were drenched with spray as each wave sprang eagerly over the bows. She came out from her machine, laughter gleaming in her eyes, and called out, "I'll race you to the pier and back."

Soon she had left the tossing boat and the steersman behind, and at the finish of this little 200 yards race she was twenty yards ahead and the best of the two.

Those who watched from the shore cheered again and again.

There seems to be no limit to the powers of this sun-browned Australian girl, and all Dover is waiting for that propitious day this week when she sets out for Cape Griznez. But the weather has upset everybody's calculations. Wolfe and Mew have postponed their attempt, and Holbein also did not start yesterday, whilst to-day's starters are uncertain.

LITTLE ROYAL SWIMMERS.

Where the Prince of Wales's Sons First
Acquired the Rudiments of the Art.

After their election as junior members of the Bath Club in Dover-street last year, the young Princes Edward and Albert of Wales were placed under the tutelage of the bath-master of that institution, when they received their first instructions in the art of swimming.

The lessons given the young royalties were very quickly carried out, but even without the advantage of seeing dozens of others learning, the sons of the Prince of Wales made capital headway in their initial trials, and showed an adaptability which was attended with progress in their new line of instruction.

The elder of the brothers, Prince Edward, was the readier to learn, being the stronger, but both Princes have on their occasional visits to the baths showed marked improvement each time. The Prince of Wales has shown an interest in the Bath Club, and as an honorary member, with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, has graced the competitions held there with his presence.

CANADA SAYS "NO."

Premier British Colony Refuses To Become a
Dumping-Ground for Criminals.

A prominent Canadian, who came to England with the Canadian Manufacturers' Association party, said to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday:—

"There is one thing that did not please us on our visit to London. We noticed that in many of your police court cases the prisoners were acquitted on the condition that they emigrated to Canada."

"Now, these persons are certainly not wanted in Canada, where their influence for evil will be more felt than it is in England."

"All Canadians in London regret that attempts should be made to convert Britain's premier Colony into a dumping-ground for London wrong-doers."

The preliminary results of the Norwegian female vote regarding the dissolution of the union between Norway and Sweden have resulted in nearly 200,000 being in favour of dissolution and not one against.

SLEEP ON THE STAGE.

Drury Lane Novelties in the "Prodigal Son."

The prospects of the "Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane look particularly hopeful. On the first day that the box-office was opened the record sum of £250 was taken.

Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Arthur Collins are looking forward to a tense and energetic fortnight of busy rehearsals which will occupy the greater part of each day. The brilliant and accomplished company is also preparing for a busy time.

Ever ready with some unexpected novelty, Drury Lane is now making a new departure along the lines of the truly rural in introducing a flock of sheep. Nobody believed the posters with the pictures of mounted herdsmen and their flocks, yet they will not be wanting on the first night.

A balloon, submarine, coach-and-four, and a motor-car provide, of course, a touch of realism quite in keeping with the traditions of Drury Lane. As for the sheep, they are learning their "business" quite quickly—for such admittedly stupid animals.

But apart from the novelty of these creatures the play is full of interest, not only on account of its theme and the personality of its author, but also by reason of the number of popular favourites who are to take part in it.

Mr. George Alexander (who is receiving a record salary), Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Nancy Price, and Mrs. John Wood, who are busy rehearsing even now, are names to conjure with.

MILLIONAIRE INVASION.

All the Great London Hotels Thronged by
the American Plutocracy.

During the last few days the West-End hotels have been crowded by the wealthiest men to be found in the world.

"As far as I can estimate," said Mr. Pungier, of the Savoy Hotel, to the *Daily Mirror*, "eleven American millionaires have stayed here this week."

"Among our wealthy American visitors are Mr. A. W. Whitney, Chief Justice Fuller, Mr. R. M. Galloway, the banker, and Mr. Stewart White."

At Claridge's Hotel, the Hotel Cecil, and other famous residential palaces in the West End, the same cry was heard, "We are full of Americans."

MOTOR-CAR CENSUS.

Results of Inquiries Expected To Astonish the
Royal Commission.

Some surprising figures are expected to be placed before the Royal Commission on the Motor-car Act next month.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is collecting statistics as to the amount of capital invested in the motor-car industry in this country, the aggregate turnover, the number of hands employed, and the amount paid in wages and in rent and taxes.

The society is further collecting special information as to the use of motor-cars by doctors, bankers, and was previously men, and the commercial side of the industry as shown by the number of vehicles for public service, such as vans, wagons, fire-engines, and omnibuses.

THE £500 MONEY SHOWER.

Nearly 200 Readers of "Answers" Receive
Cash Prizes.

Yesterday morning witnessed the commencement of the great distribution of £5 notes and sovereigns in 300 different centres of population in the United Kingdom. No fewer than 188 visits were yesterday paid by representatives of "Answers," and an equal number of readers of that popular weekly found themselves richer.

About midday at New Cross Gate an enthusiastic seeker found himself mistaken for "Mr. Answers," and was passionately mobbed by a crowd of factory-girls, who dashed upon him, drawing copies of the paper from various hiding-places in their dress, and all shouting: "I was first! Give me the sovereign!" After an exciting struggle their victim succeeded in scrambling on an electric tramcar and so making his escape.

To-day twenty-eight more provincial towns will have their opportunity, and twenty-eight lucky ones will be the richer by a sovereign or a £5 note.

There is nothing whatever to do but to carry "Answers" in the hand. During the course of the day a representative of the paper will visit each place, and as soon as he arrives he will hand the "Answers" money to the first person he meets carrying a copy of the current issue of the Golden One.

Women and children are dying of hunger by the wayside in Osma (Spain), and many bakers' shops, says Reuters, have been attacked by starving peasants.

HUSSAR CAPTAIN'S LOVE STORY.

Remarkable Sequel to a Liaison
at Cairo.

UNFOUNDED CHARGE.

An officer's love story in Cairo had a singular sequel yesterday in London. At the Westminster Police Court Captain Thomas William Whiffen, of the 14th Hussars, giving his address as "Oldwick," Sussex, was charged with impropriety with a little girl of fourteen, named Louise Adams, in a first-class carriage on the District Railway.

It was a singular story that was revealed in the statement for the prosecution. Mrs. Adams, the girl's mother, till recently lived in Cairo, and there met Captain Whiffen and other British officers. She was married, but she fell in love, according to her own story, with the captain, and shared his life with him.

In July she came to England with her daughter, met Captain Whiffen, and went about with him.

A Strange Story.

The little girl, who was nicely dressed, pretty, and self-possessed, gave her account of what happened on Monday afternoon. The captain met her and her mother at Victoria Station, and whilst her mother was away he suggested that they should have a ride to Charing Cross on the District Railway.

It was this ride in an empty carriage that gave rise to the charge.

The captain and the girl went together as far as Temple Station, and walked back to Charing Cross, where she met her mother.

The girl said she told her mother part of the story during a momentary absence of the captain, and the remainder during a visit the three paid to Earl's Court Exhibition in the evening. They all dined together at Victoria, and late at night the mother lodged a charge at Westminster Police Station.

From Cairo to Sussex.

This strange story told, Mrs. Malva Adams, the mother, a stylishly-dressed woman, went into the box to give evidence. She said she was proprietress of a fashionable buffet at Cairo.

Recently she brought her husband, a harmless imbecile, to Buxted, Sussex, where he had very rich relations. She had known Captain Whiffen about two years, and had lived with him in a flat in Cairo.

She left her husband because she fell in love with the captain. Eventually the captain left for England.

She had a large sum of money to give up his love-letters, and signed an agreement last March not to molest him. When she brought her husband to England on July 14 she thought she would like to see the captain again.

"Platonic Friends."

On her arrival at Dover she telephoned to Captain Whiffen at Folkestone to meet her.

Mr. Curtis Bennett (the magistrate): This was the first thing you did after the agreement?

Witness: Yes, we had been on corresponding terms, and I was very fond of him. He took me to a ball at Cairo, and we were the best of friends. We agreed to be "platonic friends." He came over to see me.

Mr. Curtis Bennett: Now, let us come to the events of yesterday.

Witness: I was going back to Cairo and lost the eleven o'clock Continental train from Victoria. I was there with the child, and the captain was going to see us off. It was through waiting for him that we lost the train.

When the train went out I left my little girl with the captain. Afterwards, when we met again at Charing Cross Louise said, "Mother, I want to tell you something very serious. She then told me part of the story.

Scene at Earl's Court.

Then we went into a cab and went to the Earl's Court Exhibition. There the child concluded her story. I went to the captain and said, "I wish to speak to you." He answered, "I don't wish to hear your palaver." I replied, "I'll make you hear." We left the exhibition together. We went into a restaurant, but I refused to eat anything, and only smoked cigarettes.

When we left the restaurant it was nine o'clock, and I said I was going to report the matter to the police. Prisoner walked away, but I told him that if he did not walk quietly to the station we should have a scene in the street.

Mr. Curtis Bennett said he did not think it was necessary to hear more of this most remarkable story. He did not believe one word the woman had said, and it seemed that her object was to blackmail.

Mr. Conway: Of course, the defendant says there is not one bit of truth in these allegations. It is a monstrous thing he should have been locked up on such a charge.

Mr. Curtis Bennett: He has nobody to blame but himself for the company he keeps. Now he is discharged.

CONVICT COMEDY.

Prisoners in an Omnibus Accident—
Informal Levee in the Street.

The prosaic Borough was entertained by what ultimately proved a comedy yesterday, although at first it seemed as if the occurrence would result in tragedy.

Across London Bridge was being driven an omnibus, with its red blinds drawn. The reason for the privacy was that six long-term convicts, chained together, were being conveyed in the vehicle from Liverpool-street Station to Waterloo.

The horses at the southern end of London Bridge were frightened by a train passing over the South-Eastern Railway bridge, bolted down the rather steep incline, and, to avoid smashing into a jeweller's shop or colliding with some carriages in which were some ladies, the driver diverted the vehicle into a number of iron posts in the centre of High-street.

The axles were smashed, and, although the driver was flung from his seat, he was not, miraculously enough, very seriously hurt.

Just then a head, closely cropped and with a typical convict visage, peeped out. Immediately a huge crowd assembled, and as the prisoners were being transferred to another vehicle, indulged in that form of free-and-easy wit associated with the Borough.

A cordon of police had to be formed round the convicts, who took their "mobbing" and the good-natured chaff of the crowd with the dull, dead philosophy bred by prison-life.

ADMIRAL'S LONELY END.

Pathetically Sudden Death of Sir Arthur
Cochrane, Who Fought in the Crimean War.

Heart failure was yesterday found to have been the immediate cause of the sudden death of Admiral the Hon. Sir Arthur Cochrane, K.C.B., at his residence in Charles-street, St. James's.

Son of the tenth Earl of Dundonald, the late Admiral, who had seen distinguished service in the Crimean and China wars, was eighty years of age. He was found lying dead at the foot of his bed, death coming to him when he was quite alone.

Captain Ernest Gray Cochrane, R.N., said he had not seen the Admiral, his brother, for twelve months, and his death came as a great surprise.

A verdict of Natural causes was returned at Westminster.

THOSE COMIC PAPERS!

Precocious Young Housebreakers' Haul of
Money and Meat Pies.

Having obtained from a boys' comic paper some "ideas about breaking into places," Leo Ralph, aged eleven, and his brother Herbert, aged nine, determined to put them into practice.

Climbing through the windows in the roofs of two cab-shedders at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Victoria Embankment, they stole seven shillings and some meat pies, and then purchased railway tickets to Swanley, where they spent the day with a relative.

The elder boy, who has recently been hatched for breaking into a London County Council depot at Charing Cross, was yesterday remanded with a view to his being sent to an industrial school. His brother was bound over.

TWO VILLAGE TRAGEDIES.

Mother Drowns Her Child and Farmer
Bayonets His Wife.

Two terrible tragedies of village life, costing four persons their lives, were reported yesterday. At Weston, near Hitchin, Mary Collis, a blacksmith's wife, drowned herself and her little girl in a pond. She had previously bidden her son say goodbye to his baby sister, and had written her father of her intended act.

Near Ballyninch, Co. Down, a farmer stabbed his wife five times with a bayonet, killing her almost immediately, after which he nearly severed his head from his body.

MONSTER SUN-FISH.

A giant sun-fish of remarkable size and weight has been captured at Aberdeen.

The length is five feet, and it is two yards round and fifteen inches thick. It weighs 280lb., and is on view at William Whiteley's, Bayswater.

STOLE THIRTEEN BICYCLES.

Thirteen is supposed to be an unlucky number, and it is a pity that a youth who was charged at Bristol with stealing this number of bicycles.

The victims were mostly clerks who had left their machines unattended for a few moments, and the accused was committed for trial.

LADY GOES FREE.

Magistrate Refuses To Commit Fair
Defendant for Perjury.

CURIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

"I am perfectly certain of what I state. It is a gross fraud," stated Major Apthorp, at Bow-street, yesterday, when being bound over to prosecute at the sessions under the Vexatious Indictments Act.

The major resorted to this course because Mr. Marsham dismissed a summons he had brought against Sydney Georgia Annette Scrope Henton, otherwise Ferrers, for committing perjury in an action for breach of promise in which he was ordered to pay her £1,350 damages.

It was explained that the breach of promise action was heard in March last year. An appeal against that finding was subsequently dismissed with costs. At the last hearing of this summons it was stated that the defendant, in reply to her counsel, stated that she was the daughter of "the late" Mr. Ferrers, but her father was now alive. It was further suggested that she was a married woman at the time she brought the action, and the summons was adjourned for evidence on that point.

Mr. Burnett now said that he proposed to put the defendant's father into the witness-box. Mr. Marsham: That is not the point at issue. I cannot commit the defendant unless it is proved that she was a married woman at the time she brought her action.

Mr. Burnett (for the major): But cannot you put all the facts together?

Mr. Marsham: No; each assignment of perjury must be proved separately.

Mr. Burnett replied that, in his opinion, the whole case was tainted with fraud.

"Perjury," said Mr. Marsham, "is the question," and he refused to commit.

MURDEROUS SOCIALISM.

Father Who Let His Child Die Rather Than
Lose His Vote Arrested at the Inquest.

There was a dramatic scene at an inquest at Edmonton yesterday, when the father of May Gammon, a four months' old infant, who died of starvation, was arrested for murder.

The evidence indicated that although the family was in great destitution, the father, who was a Socialist, refused to apply for parish relief because he did not wish to lose his vote. His wife said she did not dare to apply, as she was afraid of personal violence.

The coroner said if socialism meant anything it meant mutual support. But in this case there did not appear to have been much mutual support between father and child.

The jury returned a verdict that the child died of starvation, brought about by the wilful neglect of the father.

ECCENTRIC DINER.

Irishman Could Not Pay For His Supper
Because He "Never Carried Money."

"I never pay. I never carry money about with me. I'm a salesman in Covent Garden Market, and if you send round in the morning you will get your money."

So said Edward Lewis, a fruiterer, on leaving a Strand restaurant late on Monday night after having a supper of soup, boiled turbot, oyster stew, two sweets, and some stout—value 6s. 6d.

The proprietor hardly agreed with this eccentric way of doing business, and Lewis was arrested, only a halfpenny being found in his possession.

Arrayed in a frock-coat, white waistcoat, and well-cut trousers, and carrying a glistening silk hat, Lewis told Mr. Marsham, at Bow-street, that having once been robbed of £50 he never carried any money.

He had arrived from Dublin a week ago, and had no friends in London.

Remanded.

NOVELIST'S UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Even novelists do not escape the attentions of burglars, concerning whom they frequently write. The other day Mr. David Christie Murray received a visit from one of these gentlemen, and in connection with the occurrence a young man was remanded at the West London Police Court yesterday.

RESCUED HIS SON UNAWARES.

At Clifton Zoological Gardens yesterday a boy was raised of a boy in the lake. Immediately a man dived into the water and rescued the little fellow, who proved to be his own son.

MORE CASTLE-BUILDING.

To-day's Contest on the Shining Sands
of Blackpool.

To-day's sand-castle contest at Blackpool will commence at ten o'clock. It will be held on the sands between the Manchester Hotel and Victoria Pier.

Three prizes, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. will be awarded.

Anyone under twenty-one may compete either singly or in parties of not more than six persons. Any kind of tools may be used, and any kind of sand edifice may be erected.

Every competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

Alderman Grimes, J.P., Councillor Hampson, J.P., Councillor Duff, Chief Constable Derham, and Mr. Charles Nodde, the head of the Blackpool Publicity Department, have consented to act as judges, and the mayors, Mrs. Brodie, will present the prizes.

Small children have been as successful as their elders in previous contests, and single competitors have done as well as parties of several builders, so nobody need be discouraged from entering.

A sand-castle contest will be held at Southport on Friday, at two o'clock.

SEASIDE PRIZE-WINNERS.

The four half-guineas awarded in connection with the photographic group taken at Felixstowe and reproduced in Monday's *Daily Mirror* go to—

Mr. H. Holloway, 9, Cage-lane, Walton, Ipswich. Mr. John James, Farnley House, Bath-road, Felixstowe.

Mr. L. C. Curtis, 2, Edna Villas, High-street, Walton, Felixstowe.

Miss Louise Larter, Rockdale, Highfield-road, Felixstowe.

RUSH TO THE EAST.

Anglo-Indian Steamship Lines Jubilant Over
the Heavy Bookings for the Autumn.

Owing to the coming visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, India will certainly become the fashionable winter resort this year.

Amongst those who have already booked passages to Indian ports are—Commodore Basil de Munn, the Hon. Winifred Edwytts, Rear-Admiral Pore, his Excellency Crikshank Pasha, General Sir Alexander Hunter, Bishop Weldon, General Sir George Pretyman, Lord Charles Dundas, the Hon. Charles Lytton, and Lady Annie Murray.

The Anglo-Indian steamship companies are, naturally, jubilant. "This is a specially good season for us," said the F. and O. manager to the *Daily Mirror*. "This year we have added to our ordinary bookings those of society people."

EMIGRANT FOOTBALLERS.

Pilgrims Leave Liverpool on the Bavarian for
the United States and Canada.

Sir Charles and Lady Kirkpatrick, with the members of the Pilgrim Football Club, will be given a "bon voyage" dinner at Liverpool to-night by Mr. Murray, through whose efforts the trip across the Atlantic is being made.

Being engaged this afternoon in athletic sports at Crawley, Sir Charles Kirkpatrick will travel from there to Euston in a 90-horse-power motor-car.

Sir Ernest Cochrane, who has given a challenge cup to be played for in Canada and the States, will cross the Atlantic at a later date.

WEALTH IN FLYING MACHINES.

Company Receives £20,000 for Patent Rights
in a Maxim Invention.

Patent rights relating to captive flying machines, formed part of the property of the Sir Hiram Maxim Electrical and Engineering Company, Limited, to which a liquidator has just been appointed.

The rights in the flying machine were taken over by another company at the price of £20,000, payable in shares; but in spite of this transaction the original company failed, owing to shortage of working capital.

According to the summary issued yesterday there are £55,481 liabilities, of which £19,192 are unsecured, and an estimated surplus in assets of £8,440.

EFFECTIVE ALIEN REFORM.

Among the summonses down for hearing at the Penge Police Court yesterday was one against an Italian.

When, however, it was called on it was stated that the defendant had been intending to return to his own country, and after receiving the summons promptly took the opportunity of sailing before the day fixed for the hearing.

CHANGE OF WORK THE BEST HOLIDAY.

Views of Well-known Artist, Novelist,
and Song Writer.

TO FIGHT MONOTONY.

From the many letters which reach us on the subject of holidays we print the following:—

Mr. LESLIE WARD, the famous caricaturist of "Vanity Fair"—

In the sea, on the sea, and by the sea, is my idea of the best kind of holiday.

LESLIE WARD.

Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER, the well-known novelist and playwright:—

A holiday should cater for the refreshment of the soul as well as of the body, and if the soul of the strenuous worker reaches the same point of collapse as his physical forces, and they generally run side by side, the onus of prescription becomes doubly onerous.

There is also no doubt that holiday should be taken from doing nothing, and enjoyed in regular interesting work—preferably for others.

There is little danger, at the present writing, of Jack's working until he is a dull boy. The expression "having a good time," which has come over to us from America, is conscientiously illustrated on every available opportunity.

But to fight the Demon Monotony successfully a radical change of scene, air, surrounding, and, when possible, country, may be advised as primary ingredients of a holiday recipe. It all, I think, resolves itself into change—change—change.

No rich man whose time is his own, who has never suffocated soul and body within the sickening round of routine for, say, 350 days of the year, can realise for a single fraction of a moment what it means to a poor man to wake up on the first morning of his holiday and to remember the joys which lie before him.

In such moments as these lie the compensations which render most fates fairly equal, and which make each man the best prescribing physician for his own holiday.

AMEE BERINGER.

Headley, Hants.

Mr. WALTER CRANE, the distinguished artist:—

You ask for my opinion on the best kind of holiday. I should say it depended upon the character of a man or a woman's ordinary life and employments.

Work is the best holiday for the idle—especially the compulsorily idle.

Change of work is often rest to active spirits. But everybody wants to play—whether in work or out of it.

I do not think that the modern holiday system of carting humanity wholesale from one place to another necessarily secures a pleasant holiday for all.

Change, however, is the first ingredient of a holiday. Change of air, scene, occupation—possibly companions!

Civilised life is only tolerable in proportion to the number and accessibility of the means of escape from it, but the component elements of "a good time" vary so much according to character and circumstances that they cannot be defined.

WALTER CRANE.

Mr. CLIFTON BINGHAM, the well-known songwriter:—

That you should solicit my opinion on this subject is quaint, as I have not taken what might be called a "set" holiday for twenty years.

A mad fortnight or more, at a crowded seaside resort, with forty-eight hours' "rush" crammed into every twelve; hurry and bustle and heat and discomfort—this is not my translation of the word "holiday," be a man's business or profession what it may.

A Bank Holiday is my pet abomination; fourteen of them consecutively would send me crazy. But, of course, one man's fish is another man's "poison."

My idea of the best holiday is "a rest"; but when I go for a brief week-end, I am not able to adopt my own prescription, as I cannot leave my "capacity for thinking" behind me.

Were I to take a fortnight's "rest" I should most likely do more brain work during it than I should in town. But even this would not do me much harm as would trying to climb a foot higher than the last fool up a Swiss mountain, or see more "sights" in a day than anyone else had ever seen in two!

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

"Another City Man" hits the nail on the head, does he not, when he says "short and often"? Look at the rush in Bank Holidays! how often you hear it said, "It's no enjoyment, it's slavery," hot, crowded trains, and crowded resorts, you come back more tired than you went, and think that the money might easily have been better spent.

D. Z. BEAUMONT.

Greystoke, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Sweepings in the gold and silver rooms of the Royal Mint last year realised nearly £1,200, or an average of £24 a week.

Two hundred and fifty members of the British Library Association attended the twenty-eighth annual meeting at Cambridge.

At the half-yearly meeting in Manchester yesterday of the Manchester Trust, Ltd., the first dividend for seven years was announced at the rate of a shilling per share.

If he carry out his determination, Mr. G. A. Rogers will to-night enter a cage containing fourteen forest-bred lions at the Kursaal, Southend, and be shaved by Mr. John Haussen.

Rotherham tramcars will be seen in Sheffield for the first time on September 1, when, if the terms of the agreement between the corporations of the two towns are complied with, a through service will be started.

Still engaged in conversation, and whilst in the act of putting a cloth round a customer's neck prior to cutting his hair, Henry Botel, aged sixty, a barber of Bridport-place, Hoxton, suddenly fell dead. A verdict of death from heart failure was returned at yesterday's inquest.

"It is right," says the vicar of Woodham, Northumberland, in his parish magazine, "that the amount of money which we give away in charity every year should be a voluntary matter, as also whether we should drink beer, taste anything on a horse, or go to an otter hunt. There are scores of things about which we can please ourselves."

Fishing in the sea off Penzance with a rod and line, Mr. Ashby hooked a halibut. He played it for over two hours, and when he landed it found that it scaled eighty-five pounds and was over four feet long.

By his will the Rev. Francis Slater, M.A. of Oxford, directed that in the event of his dying abroad his heart should be cut out and placed on his wife's coffin at Disley Churchyard, near Macclesfield.

"Can I have a summons for wrongful dismissal?" asked a working man yesterday at the North London Police Court. "Certainly, if you pay for it," replied the magistrate; "law is uncommonly cheap here."

There is not a single lodger in the parish of Holy Trinity Without, near Coventry, and only one in the neighbouring parish of St. Michael Without, according to the voters' lists just published.

Burglars who broke into Christ Church at Barrow broke the silver Communion cup in two, wrenched a pew-ben box from the wall, and left a poker stuck in the minister's desk.

The calendar of prisoners for trial at the August adjourned sessions at Clerkenwell contains the names of 114 men and women, but the cases are of an ordinary character.

Liverpool policemen engaged on point duty in hot weather are to be provided with white helmets of a lighter construction than the black ones ordinarily in use.

BATHING-TENT DISPUTE AT SOUTHEND.



Bathing-tents removed by order of the council from Southend beach erected on a portion of the shore belonging to the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway at Westcliff.

As an excuse for jumping off Scarborough Pier into the sea, a labourer, named Alfred Downs, told the magistrates he had been working among her-rings, and he "thought he would wash his trousers." He was surprised and indignant at being locked up on coming out of the water.

Some curious trades are carried on in the 1,050 workshops registered in the borough of Bethnal-green, a return of which has just been issued. They include mouse-trap making, feather dressing, hearthstone making, whalebone cutting, and artificial flower making.

By the death at Cullompton of Mr. John Blackmore, at the age of ninety, a family of yeomen who have farmed in Devonshire for 700 years has become extinct. Proud of his ancestry, Mr. Blackmore was one of the few remaining yeomen owning a pew at church.

After an interval of twenty years Baxter Rushing, a Grimsby labourer, found himself once more before the Bench charged with drunkenness. The mayor, expressing the hope that it would be twenty years before he came again, set him at liberty.

Scholarships of £150 per annum for two years have been awarded by Government to three natives of India, who will pursue their studies in textile manufacture, engineering, and chemistry at the Manchester School of Technology.

Aggrieved by the fact that they were called upon to settle their dues at an undertaker's shop in Essex-road, certain Canonbury ratepayers intend laying complaints before the Islington Borough Council at its next meeting.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Liberal Unionist M.P. for the Sudbury Division of Suffolk, has written to his constituents denying the rumour of his retirement, and stating that he will again contest the seat at the general election.

Vegetables grown on cultivated disused coal-pit mounds were pronounced exceptionally fine, and awarded first prizes at the Coseley (Wolverhampton) Horticultural Society's Show.

A boy fell from the gallery of the Palace, Blackburn, on Monday night, a distance of 60ft., and was picked up unconscious.

In its flight from Lister Park, Manningham (Bradford), a tame swan dashed against the telegraph wires and broke its neck.

Employees benefit to the extent of £1,200 and charities £700 by the will of Mr. John Walsh, head of a Sheffield firm of outfitters.

Many young couples anxious to get married at Ingatstone (Essex) are unable to do so because there is insufficient house accommodation in the village.

Mr. Herbert Fleming Baxter, of Sibdon Castle, Salop, who died worth £186,676, left £100 to the nurse who attended him in his illness and smaller sums to his servants.

At the age of nearly 102, Mr. David Wark, who sat in the American Senate and was the oldest legislator in the world, has died at Halifax. He attended to his duties up to a year ago.

William Nunn, an aged sergeant pensioner at Chelsea Hospital, committed suicide yesterday by cutting his throat with a razor. He was discovered alive and taken to St. George's Hospital, but refused food and attempted to reopen the wound in his throat.

Nailmakers, quarrymen, cutlers, cabinet-makers, Italian mosaic workers, needle-workers, and watch makers are amongst the many craftsmen who will "show their wares" at the Co-operators' Exhibition to be opened by Mr. Will Crooks at the Crystal Palace to-day.

Because the sexton's son had taken possession of the key of the gate, the members of the Keady (Armagh) Presbyterian congregation found they could not get into the church. The young man, who refused to give up the key until persuaded by the village constable, has since been charged with being a dangerous lunatic, but the case fell to the ground.

SUNDAY TRADING.

Lords' Select Committee on Com-
pulsory Closing.

Most interesting facts are contained in the report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Sunday Closing of Shops, issued yesterday as a Blue-book.

The Committee state their general conclusion thus:—

"The Committee are convinced by the evidence that Sunday trading is on the increase; that the Bill is urgently needed; that it is desired by the shopkeeping interests, and would inflict no serious hardship on the poorer classes; that it would be a great benefit to the country generally, and that it commends itself both to the reason and the conscience of the community."

It appears that over 300 shopkeepers' associations, founded by the Committee on the subject, are in favour of a Sunday Closing Bill. Bakers, butchers, dairymen, drapers, grocers, and hair-dressers were overwhelmingly in its favour.

The majority of witnesses expressed a strong opinion that the public would suffer no serious inconvenience if such a Bill became law. They also state that in their opinion the opening of shops on Sunday is on the increase, and that there is a serious danger that it will become the rule for shops to be open, at any rate, on Sunday morning unless a Closing Bill is passed.

Corporations and urban district councils everywhere are in favour of Sunday closing.

The chief opponents are the Hebrew community, the costermongers, who do a large and profitable business on Sundays, and the Dock Labourers' Union, who oppose Sunday closing on the ground mainly that a great hardship would be entailed if it were made impossible for dock labourers to obtain refreshments after nine o'clock in the morning.

Striking evidence was given by Mr. Douglas Eyre, vice-head of Old House, Bethnal Green. He says concerning "Petticoat-lane," "the conditions which exist in our neighbourhood have a most demoralising effect upon the population, because it is not merely Sunday trading, but it has developed into a regular Sunday fair; wherever this concourse is gathered together there you get the professional gamblers and other people."

CONSOLS DROOP AGAIN.

Stock Exchange Fears Peace Negotiations Will
End in Fiasco.

CAPEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—The Stock Markets have been in a somewhat unhappy frame of mind on fears that the peace negotiations will end in a fiasco. Consols drooped to 90½, and other gilt-edged securities were rather dull, ignoring cheap money conditions.

Home Rails were all out of favour, notably Great Easterns, on a traffic decrease of £4,300. The South-Eastern-Chatham increase of £3,020 was not bad, but Dover "A" dropped, and, in fact, the whole market was in a rather despondent mood.

American Rails succumbed to the general depression, for there was nothing very encouraging in overnight advices from the other side, and New York did not give much support in the afternoon.

Japanese bonds relapsed on fears of an unfavourable termination of the Peace Conference. The new scrip fell to ½ premium, but rallied to 1-16 premium on the news that the Conference was postponed till to-morrow. Russians also declined, and other inter-Bourse favourites fell away in sympathy. Copper shares weakened, and Peruvians were sold. Brazilian Government securities also reacted after their recent strength.

In the Miscellaneous group Chinese descriptions, such as Pekin Syndicates and Shanshi, fell away, for if the peace negotiations come to nothing, it will adversely affect these concerns. Dock stocks were bought, and Hudson Bays were rather bid for. Anglo A were sold to secure profits.

SOUND Industrial Investment

An Annual Income of over 20
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London & Paris Exchange
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MILTON HOUSE
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1905.

"EDUCATED" UNEMPLOYED.

THE unemployed of the labouring class are with us now, summer as well as winter, and will be until the conditions which create them are altered. Of the educated unemployed we do not generally hear so much, though one knows there are plenty of them. Just lately, however, attention has been drawn several times to their unhappy state.

For instance, a man who was formerly a clerk in the Education Office has just killed himself because he could not get work at a desk and could not do manual labour. There would have been a touching outburst of sympathy if it had not been shown that the cause of the disaster was—drinks.

Then the other day there was published a letter from a man of forty, who described himself as belonging to the "well-bred, well-educated, well-travelled, much experienced" class, and who neither has work nor sees any prospect of obtaining any.

Apparently he had been connected with the Stock Exchange, since he spoke of the "unique nature of this business unfitting a man for any other." It has clearly had this effect upon him. He has been engaged for two years past, since he lost his job, in answering advertisements! That is his only idea, except that he would, if he could, advertise for a situation himself!!

Now this kind of man is bound to be a failure, unless by some lucky chance he happened to fall into a situation where he could go on working away steadily without any enterprise or initiative for the rest of his life. The depressing thing to think of is that there are such an enormous number of this kind of man about.

Nothing astonishes an American more than to see how tenaciously people in this country cling to their jobs. The idea of losing them sends a cold shudder down their backs. They turn pale at the thought. It is a pitiful confession of their own unfitness to fight the battle of life.

The typical English father, when he puts his son into a bank or a business, says to him, "Now, my boy, you have your chance to settle down for life, and I hope you'll end your days as you begin them. Never forget that you have got something safe, if it isn't brilliant, or that, if you give this up, you'll probably never find anything else."

The typical American parent, on the other hand, says, "Well, give it a trial. If you don't feel happy, try something else. A man who's worth his keep can always earn it. Bear that in mind, and recollect you've only got one life. Make the best of it."

Many voices will be raised at once declaring in chorus that, whatever may be the case in America, an "educated" man who loses his job here has to wait a long time before he gets another. That is true enough, and why is it? Because, as a rule, he can do nothing but the simplest clerk work, and that not very well.

When a young Englishman leaves school he regards his days of acquiring knowledge as over. He has not got to bother about learning any more. The consequence is, seeing he has learnt next to nothing at school, that he never knows more than "next to nothing" all his life.

Every man who wants to face the future with a stout heart ought to be master of at least one alternative trade or occupation to that in which he is engaged. Even with that, he still needs energy and enterprise to keep the wolf from the door in bad times.

Self-reliance is what our schools ought to try to instil into the rising generation. If the "educated unemployed" had more self-reliance and the labouring unemployed were not so fond of drink, there would be fewer of both and we should all be better off.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life.—*Sir Henry Lawrence.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ALMOST every day during the last few weeks there has been a motor accident, with more or less serious results, either in England or America. The latest is that which has wrought havoc amongst the horses of the Warwickshire Hunt. Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is master of the Hunt, comes of a famous sporting family. His father, who died only in 1902, held the mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds for twenty years, and his son was at once appointed to succeed him when he died. The late Lord Willoughby had, as perhaps most efficient fox-hunters must have, a large command of an explosive vocabulary, which he used against inexperienced huntsmen with great effect.

The present peer is quite as keen a sportsman as his father. He is a capital rifle shot, and a fisherman of great experience. His family has, by the way, been curiously unlucky in the way of domestic bereavement. Lord Willoughby's mother died some ten years ago while still young. His younger brother was drowned out in India, and his sister was soon afterwards overcome by a kind of fit

Two very interesting birthdays to-day are those of Admiral Lord John Hay, who is seventy-eight, and General Sir Frederick Carrington, who is sixty-one. It is wonderful to think that Lord John Hay went to sea when Queen Victoria had only been two years on the throne, that he served in the distant China war at fifteen, and was before Sebastopol with the fleet at twenty-seven. He retired in 1888 after nearly fifty years of the most active service imaginable. He has also had a considerable parliamentary experience, and has chronicled, in the volume of memoirs he published some years ago, a few of the amusing bonos mots he picked up during his legislative experience.

One of these is attributed to O'Connell, the Parrot of Lord John Hay's earlier days in the House. O'Connell making a flowery little speech about a respectable member for Berkshire, who had remained alone, out of a considerable band which had just gone over from Lord Melbourne to Sir Robert Peel, alluded to him as the "last rose of summer left blooming alone." "O'Connell," said a friend to the speaker afterwards, "how could you compare that old fellow to a rose?" "Oh," replied O'Connell in his

of one of the officers taking part in the recent manoeuvres who saw a peasant woman most unmercifully thrashing a cat. He went up to her, and remarked, "You seem to be beating that very severely," when she turned round, with an ugly grin, and remarked, "Not half the beating the Boers gave you in South Africa."

Even in Dublin there exists amongst certain classes a strong feeling against the military element. The committee of the late tournament in Dublin invited the children of one of the orphanages to be present on the rehearsal day, but the authorities of the school snubbed the committee by replying they could not consent to children under their charge being present at the performance, as it was given by British soldiers.

The new Lord Romney is not very well known in London, for neither he nor Lady Romney is fond of the social world, and they generally live quietly in the country. The new peer resembles his late father in many ways, but is rather taller and fairer.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

OUR DECLINING BIRTH-RATE.

The attention evoked by the recently published quarterly report of the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages, shows that the nation is fully alive to the dangers of a declining birth-rate. One contributing factor is the increasing difficulty which poor mothers find in looking after their infant children.

Frequently while the mother is engaged from home in earning those children's bread the children are in inexperienced or careless hands, and the mother is often haunted by anxiety as to what is happening to them. For the poor this problem of the care of infant children is one of the most serious difficulties of marriage.

To meet that difficulty my society is strongly of opinion that day nurseries should be provided throughout our large cities. In these nurseries the children could be properly tended, washed and fed, and the mother could thus be relieved of much of her anxiety.

MARION BLAKE.

(Secretary.)

Day Nursery for the Children of Working Mothers, 376, Strand.

THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

May I suggest that the aim of science is to discover how the universe at large works; to discover what has happened (geology and astronomy); what does happen (chemistry, physics, biology, etc.); and, so far as fixed sequences of events can be determined, to discover what is likely to happen.

If these things can be ascertained a certain amount of control can be established over Nature. The earth may be made to support a larger population. The comfort of this population can be increased by the telephones, etc., mentioned by "H. H. F.," and their misery may be decreased by improved medicine and surgery.

However anti-Christians may quote scientific discoveries against religion, true scientists are fully occupied in following truth, regardless of where it may lead them.

H. G. F. S.

Eastbourne.

EARRINGS GOOD FOR THE SIGHT.

The sweeping statements of "Common Sense" amuse me. To assert that people of refinement must be repulsed at the idea of mutilating the ears is absurd. People in the highest society (even our Queen) wear these "senseless ornaments," and I think it may safely be said that they are very becoming to a pretty woman. As to being beneficial to the sight, I know several doctors who advocate wearing them, and the reason they are so frequently worn by men—organ-grinders and foreigners—is to preserve their sight.

EDWARD CLARE.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND BAD MANNERS.

Where can the children of to-day learn good manners?

At the Board schools a great many of the teachers require teaching good manners themselves.

My experience of twenty-five years ago is that the elementary schools of that time had sensible men and women to teach children good manners, and to set the good example themselves.

Reading. EX-SCHOOL BOARD MEMBER.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 22.—The garden, decked in its late August finery, will never look more attractive this year than it does just now. Tall plants everywhere. Sunflowers, golden rod, rudbeckia, coreopsis, splash the long perennial borders with bright yellow.

Dahlias grow more plentiful every day, compensating us for poorer blooms on the sweet-peas. Hollyhock-stems are still covered with low, double and single flowers, while late-planted gladioli are now wonderfully beautiful.

The rockery, laden with white and purple heather, looks like a miniature mountain over which luck-seeking fairies must love to roam on starry nights.

E. F. T.

A VERY UNCOMFORTABLE SITUATION.



[From the "Pittsburg Dispatch," U.S.A.]

which killed her without a moment's warning. Lord Willoughby is married to a daughter of Mr. Charles Addington Hunbury, and his wife thoroughly shares in the hunting and riding tastes of his family.

The most interesting wedding to take place to-day is that of Miss Muriel Duke and Mr. George Douglas Cochrane Newton, who is a nephew of Lord Dundonald and the son of Lady Alice Newton. Lord Dundonald's family name, which Mr. George Newton bears, has not, strangely enough, always been the name of the male branch of the family, which is, strictly and historically, Blair. But in the seventeenth century the last of the Cochrane, an heiress whose name was Elizabeth, married a younger son of the old Blair family from the county of Ayr. The heiress's husband, according to an approved custom, took his wife's name and arms, and their second son became, in 1659, the first Earl of Dundonald.

Apart from his great reputation as a soldier, Lord Dundonald has, most people will remember, a faculty of mechanical invention which his friends sometimes think gives him more pleasure than any of his gifts. He has invented a light gun-carriage, and a remarkable kind of hand-warmer, or fire-box, which can be held in the hand on freezing days and will keep warm for hours. The Italians, as everybody who has wintered in Italy will know, make a large use of instruments of this kind. Unfortunately, they are under the impression that fire-boxes can stand as substitutes for fires, with the result that their houses are lamentably cold, even if their hands are warm.

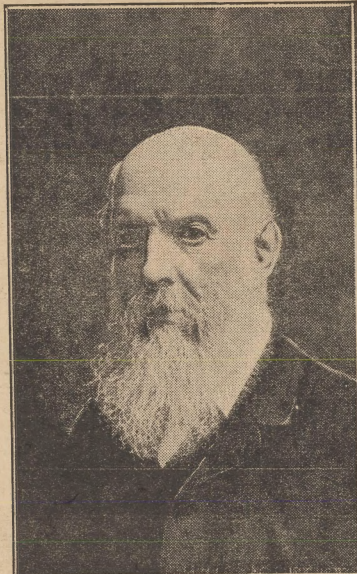
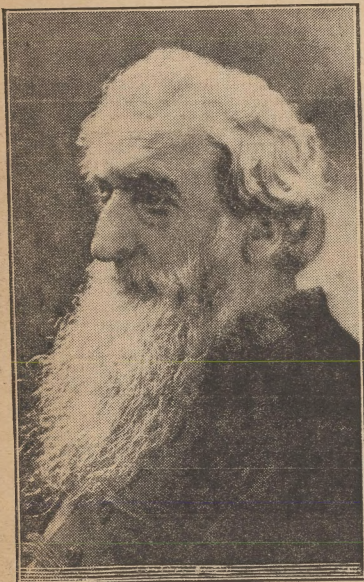
best brogue, "shure, isn't he a daug-rose? Isn't he number for Barkshe?"

Amongst other promising young men of the day who are seeking election to Parliament in the near future is Lord Tullibardine, the son and heir of the Duke of Atholl. He greatly distinguished himself in South Africa, when he commanded the Scottish Horse, which were practically raised by his father and himself. Besides the South African campaign, Lord Tullibardine has seen a great deal of service, and was in the Nile expedition of 1898. He is an M.V.O. and a D.S.O., and has four or five other medals. He served in the Royal Horse Guards, and was one of the most popular officers, but he preferred foreign service to more ornamental duties at home.

Major-General Lord Grenfell, who has recently completed his annual cure at Harrogate, is this week entertaining a bachelor party at the Royal Hospital, and several old friends are with him. Amongst others are Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Albert Williams, who was for so many years in attendance on the late Duke of Cambridge; Sir John Maxwell, who is chief of the Duke of Connaught's staff; and Colonel Grenfell, his nephew, who now commands the 3rd Dragoon Guards stationed at Ballincollig.

The recent Army manoeuvres in Ireland have been on the whole most successful, and several practical lessons have been learnt. Unfortunately, however, there is still in some parts of Ireland a strong feeling against the Army. A story is told

IS THERE A LIKENESS?



Sir Wilfrid Lawson told his audience at a temperance demonstration at Aspatria, Cumberland, that he had seen it stated there was a strong resemblance between General Booth and himself, and observed that he was pleased to know it. Whether there is any notable likeness our readers may discover from the portraits reproduced above of the Salvationist General and Sir Wilfrid. — (Rotary — Elliott and Fry.)

JAPANESE PLAYERS STRANDED.



Company of Japanese players touring in England in a native drama, "The Geisha's Revenge." Owing to unforeseen circumstances they got into difficulties, and were temporarily stranded at York; but they propose to continue their tour.

173 NOT OUT.

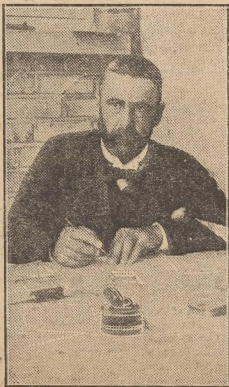


Mr. P. Perrin, who yesterday completed a magnificent innings of 173 not out for Essex against Warwickshire.

BASINGSTOKE CANAL AND ITS PURCHASER.



View of the Basingstoke Canal between Brookwood and Aldershot and a portrait of Mr. William Carter, who has just become the owner of the canal. It is stated that Mr. Carter proposes to inaugurate a service of motor-boats on the canal between Basingstoke and Aldershot.



TODAYS NEWS

"THE PRODIGAL SON" IN



Snapshot of Mr. Hall Caine going to a rehearsal of his play at Drury Lane, with his daughter, Miss Lilian Hall Caine, who is to sustain an important rôle in the forthcoming production.



Mr. Hall Caine leaving Drury Lane with Mr. George Alexander. In "The Prodigal Son" Mr. Alexander will appear for the first time for many years under management other than his own.

NEWS by CAMERA

REHEARSAL AT DRURY LANE.



The flock of sheep which is to make an appearance on the Drury Lane stage in "The Prodigal Son" on its way to the theatre to take part in a rehearsal. The sheep are probably the first of their kind to make an appearance on the boards.



Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Nancy Price snapshotted as they were leaving the theatre after a rehearsal. The striking poster of the new play appears on the wall behind them in our photograph.

SOUTH COAST SUMMER GALES.



Littlehampton lifeboat going out to the rescue of a yacht in distress off Selsey. The lifeboat was launched within ten minutes of the time when the summons was received.



The yacht Cruban which had been in difficulties entering Littlehampton harbour.

HOP-PICKING COMMENCES IN KENT.



A party of pickers at work in a Kentish hop-field. The hops have done well this year, and it is expected the harvest will be one of the best in recent years.

"DAILY MIRROR" SAND CASTLES AT SCARBOROUGH.



Our sand-castle competition caused great excitement at Scarborough. The large photograph shows the first-prize castle, and inserted in it are smaller pictures of the edifice which won the second prize and of the Mayor and Mayoress of Scarborough, who assisted in judging. The mayoress afterwards presented the prizes.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

A Further Selection of Opinions
About the Problem of Marriage.

THE MODERN GIRL.

Yesterday's batch of letters was an even larger one than usual. Two of those printed below give curiously contradictory estimates of the modern girl.

GIRLS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

From my experience I judge that the girls of today are far different in all respects to what the girls of thirty or forty years ago were.

At that time they were thoroughly domesticated, were good needlewomen, could cook a dinner properly, make bread, lay out money to advantage, kept reasonable hours, knew their manners, and dressed neatly.

At the present time the majority of the young women prefer warehouse or factory work to service, as they can have the evenings out to flout about the streets, visit music-halls or theatres, dress in showy style, wear cheap jewellery, and generally spend their time in "showing off," while numbers of them do not know how to prepare a meal, mend their garments, or keep a room tidy.

Therefore it cannot be wondered at that young men are afraid to take wives, and prefer to remain single. Their income would fail to keep pace with this mode of life.

EXPERIENCE.

A DEFENCE OF THE BUSINESS GIRL.

I am a business girl, and I venture to assert that it will be my greatest joy to be a "help" in every sense of the word to my husband.

It does not follow that because a girl is obliged to turn out and earn her own living and rough it, so to speak, in the business world that her love for home and domestic duties is lessened; on the contrary, if she be a true woman, it is intensified, for she has seen the harder side of life, and longs more for her own real atmosphere. Not only so, but the business girl will have more practical sympathy with her husband on business matters than will the girl with no business experience whatever, who often says to her husband, "Oh! don't bother me with your business worries."

A BUSINESS (BUT ENGAGED) GIRL.
London Wall.

MAN PROPOSES.

None of your correspondents, so far as I have noticed, seem to take into consideration the fact that, in all cases of married happiness or unhappiness, it is the man who, in the first instance, is necessarily responsible. Why?

Simply because it is the man who chooses. He proposes to a girl, selects her from others of his acquaintance, persuades her, if she happen to be diffident (which is, I must admit, exceedingly rare nowadays), and generally plans the campaign.

Then, after the irreparable step is taken, the man begins his complaints, forgetting that he has brought trouble upon himself. If a man does not believe in women, he has only not to ask one of them to marry him.

PRACTICAL.

Richmond.

"ONLY GENERAL SERVANTS."

I thought the Japanese letter very good, and agree that the majority of men are decidedly big children.

In the working classes, for instance, the wives of most men are really only general servants, and without even the small amount of liberty enjoyed by that much-enduring individual.

In the upper classes the cage is gilded; but in both ranks of life the world has small pity for the bird who flies from either plain or decorated prison, however blamable may be the captor.

O'HANCI SAN.

TACT, THE VIRTUE WANTED.

If a man has any true affection for the woman he has chosen for a life-partner, he must be prepared to help her with loving patience and sympathy. It is unfair to expect a girl to undertake the arduous duties of wife and mother unless she has a considerate and sympathetic husband.

Most of the misery in married life is brought about by the absence of tact in treating the petty faults of a hasty-tempered husband or a wife inclined to grumble.

MOXT.

Bournemouth.

AN ILLOGICAL ARGUMENT CONDEMNED.

I see a letter signed "Quis Separabit?" in your issue of the 17th inst., saying that in 1905 A.D. 90 per cent. of wives are a hindrance.

The writer suggests matrimony as a remedy for the present deplorable situation.

Being only young and foolish I am perhaps hardly in a position to judge, but one might remark in passing if one wife is a hindrance, what would ten be?

COMMON SENSE.

Pennymawr, N. Wales.

WHAT THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallence. Through her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallence, whose whole being was wrapped around with the joy of love's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by games almost unparalleled financial reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blanquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

But Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been raised to money on his meagre remaining possessions. He was a peer, the peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could ruin him.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought to arrange a loan that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blanquart that he held him in his hands, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindover made a proposal. He would make Lord Blanquart a rich man and give him Balliol Castle and Balliol Castle and all its milllions—only he would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquart accepted the idea. Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallence. He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give Dick Dangerville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour. Sabra refused her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick saying she could not marry him. Then she went to her aunt, Lady Ursula Vallence, Superior of the nunnery at Balliol, and begged for work in her settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magnus.

When Dick receives the letter he believes that Sabra has not given him, and resolves to bring her home. Meanwhile Fay Swindover has heard the news that the German Grand Duke, with whom she is in love, is engaged to be married to another. She therefore consents to her father's scheme for her marriage with Dick Dangerville.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

The Fanatic.

Sabra looked at the small, burly, bearded man with a rather shocked expression on her face. "Oh, Dr. Mortimer, that is a very hard word," she exclaimed.

"Not a bit too hard," he answered, with a touch of actual fierceness in his pleasant voice, which would have told even a stranger that he had touched on a subject on which the little man felt strongly. Sabra knew it well enough, for she had listened to many furious diatribes on the evil of the system that permitted this institution that her aunt had founded. "I call it an accursed place," he went on, "because everything is accursed to me that is against Nature. And what could be more against Nature than the spectacle of a lot of women, most of them young and pretty and rich women, shutting themselves up in this place and letting their whole natures, body and brain, run to waste? It's an ugly and a morbid and an unnatural thing, Miss Sabra, to shirk one's responsibilities, and escape one's vocation, and to give nothing in exchange for the privilege of life."

The girl shook her head doubtfully.

"I can't argue with you, Dr. Mortimer," she said, "but I think you're a little bit unfair. After all, they do good; they're very kind to the poor all about here, and even you will admit that at the Settlement in the slums they do good work."

"Not more than any vicar's wife who brings up her five or six sturdy brats besides," the little doctor answered doggedly, "and doesn't make any fuss about it all, or pretend to be different from ordinary women. But I mustn't stop here jawing to you, Miss Sabra. They've actually sent for me to attend to some case in the infirmary that their sour-faced monstrosity of a woman-doctor finds beyond her, I suppose." The little man was chuck full of prejudice on the subject, and never minced his words. "But I want you to set my mind at rest, Miss Sabra. I want you to tell me that you're not going to visit this place frequently, as if there were still secret hankering in your soul after the unnatural life your aunt proposed for you. But there—when you're married, you won't have time. That's one good thing."

"I came," said Sabra, "to arrange with Aunt Ursula about going to live at the Settlement and worse there."

"And what in the name of thunder are you going to do that for?" cried Dr. Mortimer, nearly dropping his hat and bag in his horrified amazement. "My dear Miss Sabra, it's no good reminding me with those violet eyes of yours that my place is up at the Abbey. The patient must resign herself to female incompetence a little longer. I will know what you mean by wishing to go and work in the slums, when you ought to give up your whole time to thinking of the man you're going to marry. What on earth is Mr. Dick thinking about to allow such a thing? Besides which, there are plenty of workers there. Between your aunt and the man at the Castle, the slums haven't a chance

of remaining slums. They'll soon be the most luxurious quarter in the town."

Sabra's face had put on that white, rigid look, so new to it, so forbidding, and, at the same time, so pathetic. Calmly she broke in upon the torrential flow of the little doctor's speech.

"I am not going to marry Mr. Dangerville, after all," she said. "And I am going to work for a little while at the Settlement. I feel I should like to."

The doctor's manner changed entirely. His voice dropped from the loud, half-humorous, half-aggressive tones, in which he had proclaimed his point of view, to an almost preternatural gravity.

"You're not going to marry Mr. Dick? But why—why? No, I can't believe that, Miss Sabra."

"But it is true, Dr. Mortimer."

"But it's only a couple of days ago I was congratulating you both, and thinking that you were my ideal pair of lovers!"

The doctor's voice was almost piteous. "I have changed my mind," said Sabra.

"But are you sure, Miss Sabra? Try not to look upon me as a meddling, prying, old fool! Isn't it some lover's quarrel?"

"No, Dr. Mortimer, it's something quite different. I found that—that I had made a mistake."

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, with simple gravity.

"I'm very, very sorry."

"Will you please tell anybody who—who knows us?" the girl asked. "If you don't mind doing that, it will make it easier for me."

"It will be the most distressful news I ever gave to man or woman," Dr. Mortimer answered, "and I can think of none that I would give more unwillingly. But if you are sure—"

"Yes, I am; quite, quite sure."

"And so you are going to do the time-honoured thing, and take to working among the poor as a salve to a—"

Sabra held out her hand appealingly. It was a quiet action, but it had a strangely helpless air, like a gesture made by a woman who is blind.

"Please don't jest, Dr. Mortimer."

"My dear Miss Sabra, I was never further from jesting. I was never so sorry about anything in my life. And a dreadful thought oppresses me. Is it possible that you mean eventually to come here to do as your aunt has always wished?"

Sabra shook her head.

"I don't think so."

"But you are not sure? Don't do it. Oh, if I could only persuade you! My dear, dear Miss Sabra, don't do it. Go out into the world, go and rub shoulders with men and women, get hard

knocks and give them back, work with all your might at anything that comes along, with your brain, or your hands—it doesn't matter. Scrub floors, cook other people's food—but don't come here!"

Sabra smiled a strange, wistful little smile.

"I'll remember what you say, Dr. Mortimer," she said. "You and my aunt are like counsel on opposing sides. Between you I ought to see the truth."

They shook hands and went their different ways. Dr. Mortimer muttered angrily to himself. He was as much a fanatic in his way as was Lady Ursula in hers, and, like her, he was overwhelmingly sincere.

When he was near the Abbey he stood still and looked back, watching Sabra's erect, slender young form pass through the great gates.

"There goes a creature as near my ideal woman as any I've seen," he said to himself with rufel fervour, "beauty and brains and sympathy and perfect balance. If they get her into this place in the end, I shall feel inclined to set fire to it and watch it burn to the ground."

And, being in an unusually impulsive mood, as he turned again towards the Abbey he shook his fist at the grey and peaceful pile.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A little treacherous thought came creeping in."

The days that followed Sabra's desertion were such that Dick Dangerville never in all his life looked back on them without a shudder.

Lord Blanquart recovered his bodily strength with almost amazing rapidity, considering his age, but his mind remained plunged in a black apathy from which nothing could rouse it. The moment of weakness in which he had implored his son to accept the week's further grace offered by Swindover was never again referred to between father and son. For six out of the eight days the hated name did not pass their lips, although it hung, like a great vampire shadow, over their lives, draining the earth of sunshine, the world of beauty.

Meanwhile, Dick had made all preparations for their departure, and superintended daily a portion of the packing of their personal belongings. Most of the day he spent in wandering about the countryside, of which almost every tree and fence had some association with his boyhood's pleasures, his young manhood's ambitions and desires and hopes. His father did not move out of the restricted grounds

(Continued on page 11.)



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SMITHS

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

More Accounts from Our Readers of Visitations from the Dead.

THE FUTURE FORESEEN.

The majority of the letters received still contain concrete evidence in favour of a disembodied life. Several curious incidents are faithfully told in the selection which follows:—

"AS IN A GLASS, DARKLY."

To sum up shortly some of my experiences, I may say that I can often see when a person is marked for death. One instance was a friend who was an immediate colleague of mine, who only complained of feeling casually unwell. I noticed a greyish hue (a sort of fog) surrounding his head and face, and I begged him to go home and have the best medical advice. In two days he was dangerously ill, and in five he was dead.

At 3 a.m. on the morning he died (which I found out afterwards was the exact time he died) he appeared to me as a spirit from the departed.

Again, I was living between Deal and Walmer some years ago, when the Dolphin passenger steamer was run into by another steamer and sunk. I saw the collision two days before it happened, but attributed it only to nightmare.

However, I recounted the whole thing to my landlady the next morning, and as she is living now she could bear witness to the correctness of all the details I gave her two days before the accident happened.

Again, many years ago, I called at my brother's house to inquire after his health. I got as far as the mat in the hall, but could not go further. My limbs seemed transfixed to the floor, and the whole of the hall was converted into a cemetery, where I and his wife and other relatives stood beside an open grave, into which my brother's coffin was being lowered.

A fortnight after everything happened as I had seen it in vision, which lasted, I should think, quite a minute.

A proof of bona fides I sign this with my full name, but as I am afraid of being inundated by letters I should feel obliged if you will not publish it, but describe me as what I am.

A RETIRED LAW OFFICER.

Havelock-road, Brighton, Aug. 14.

A MYSTERIOUS VISIT.

Perhaps the following experience may be of interest to "Thomas Dubitans."

Many years ago I was in Yorkshire taking charge of a doctor's practice during his absence. Among his patients was one I had to visit frequently.

She was a young woman, a schoolmistress, I think, who had been confined to her bed for some three years or so, owing to an obscure complaint which I now think was hysteria.

After some weeks I returned to town, and forgot all about her.

Some months later I was disturbed at night by a female who came to my bedside. I awoke with my heart thumping violently.

The person then moved to the foot of the bed and looked at me. And I started at her.

It was the same young woman I had seen in Yorkshire. She did not speak, but her eyes, which seemed to be very brilliant, told me as plainly as speech that she had come to thank me for what I had done for her, and to say good-bye.

She then faded away through the window facing me.

MEDICUS.

IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

I was once on a visit to some friends at a beautiful spot among the Cleveland hills, Yorkshire. While I was there a sister of my host was taken ill in Scotland, and his wife went off to her.

A few days after he was taking his usual nap sitting in his big armchair with a silk handkerchief over his face—his daughter and I sitting beside him sewing—when he suddenly pulled the handkerchief from his face and started up, saying, "Annie, where are you?"

We got quite a fright, and asked him what he meant. He said: "My sister Annie stood before me and said, 'George, you have been so good to me, but I am safely over now,' or some words to that effect."

In half an hour from that moment a wire came that his sister had really passed away.

J. W. REID.

PIRILIAST AND THE SPIRIT

In reply to your correspondent, "M. Sherwood," I may tell him the Bible absolutely denounces spiritualism.

In the first place we are told that the Bible teaches all things needful unto salvation.

Yet I defy any person to prove that the doctrine of spiritualism is taught in The Book.

It teaches just the reverse, for we are told in the Gospel to beware of "lying" and "seducing."

Spiritualists teach there is no such being as the devil. Is this a teaching of the Bible?

JAMES MILTON.

Greenmount-terrace, Holbeck, Leeds.

LADY KIRKPATRICK.



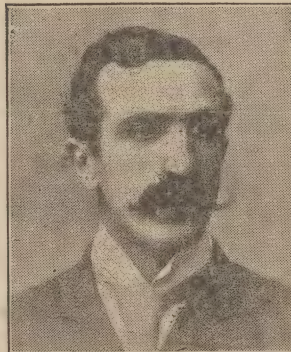
Sailing with Sir Charles Kirkpatrick and the members of the "Pilgrim" Football Club to-morrow on the Bavarian for their tour in the United States and Canada.

BOY HERO.



Percy Brungor, a Greenwich Hospital School boy, fourteen years of age, who saved a London visitor from drowning while bathing from Sheerness beach.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Mr. Ambrose Petrocokino, who is to be married to-day at St. Mary's Church, Purley, Reading, to—



—Miss Violet Sykes, daughter of the late Sir Frederic and Lady Sykes.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

of Dangersville Hall. He sat chiefly in his study, a statueque figure of infinite pathos, immersed in the bitterest and blackest thoughts that can torture the mind of man.

Of Sabra, also, they never spoke. Dick had told his father briefly that he had put her for ever out of his life and heart, and that, if she came and begged him on her knees, he would not take her back. Her letter was not only cruel, it was a piece of the basest treachery, and treachery was a thing one could not forgive.

So the two men spent the last days that remained to them in the last remnant of their once splendid possessions, of which disaster, and, no doubt, a little folly, and a vast amount of incompetence, had robbed them. They spent these days moodily, hardly speaking to each other, each one eating his heart out in silence.

To the young man it was a terrible wrench, a bitter and hateful degradation, a catastrophe that he could not help looking on as an injustice; but to Blanquart de Balliol, with his heart deep-rooted in the soil, it was an agony that it would be impossible in human words to describe.

He never regained the proud poise of his head, the indescribable look of greatness and splendour that had characterised him. He sat always huddled up now, with his eyes staring straight into space, where he saw endless visions, each one bitter as death.

But the bitterest thing of all was when one tiny thought, an infinitesimal thing, a speck, came there for a second, before it was furiously and shudderingly expelled.

The strange thing was that Dick, through some inexplicable psychical process, knew when that thought came into his father's mind, although

Lord Blanquart would have died rather than speak it aloud. Dick knew just how his father felt, how he hated and despised himself, and would have taken his own life with his own hands, if the spilling of his blood could have wiped out the fact that that infinitesimal speck of a thought had, for a second of time, found a lodging in his brain.

As was only natural, Dick found that this thought began from time to time to creep into his own brain, and, although he expelled it just as violently as his father had done, it came again and again, and each time it remained for a longer space. But it was not Dick's thought at all, it was the reflection of his father's thought. Alone, he would never have entertained it for a second. He would have laughed it away, which is the easiest method of getting rid of a troublesome thought.

But, as it was, and he saw his father growing every day more careworn and haggard, and sinking ever more completely into the apathetic and brooding ghost of a man, with the horror of the approaching severance making his old eyes every day brighter and more terrible, the thought grew more and more insistent, until it became the young man's constant and abhorrent companion, that he could not shake off, try as he would.

Then, once father and son happened to look at each other, and each saw the thought looking out of the other's eyes.

They tried to go on as if nothing had happened, and the whole day was a ghastly succession of unending silences broken by a few stereotyped absurd, and meaningless words.

The time had come when they could not look each other in the face for fear of seeing this speck, this infinitesimal thing, that had grown to be a monster—this terrible, implacable, all-pervading thought.

(To be continued.)

BRAIN EXHAUSTION

The nature of the trouble and the right treatment for its cure. How full nerve and brain power is regained by the use of Bishop's Tonules.

There are many sufferers in this direction in these days of strain, stress, hurry, and effort. The brain becomes tired, worn out, wearied, and as a consequence mental effort of almost any kind becomes practically impossible. Teachers, composers, journalists, preachers, students, business men, and innumerable others all have at times actual personal experience of this painful condition.

Work has to be done, a cessation of activity is practically impossible, and naturally there is a tendency to take any tonic or stimulant that promises to give relief and power to do a little more work. A general tonic of some kind is used, but does little or nothing to rebuild the exhausted nerves or brain, and if stimulants are taken they are positively injurious and lead to nervous breakdown or collapse.

THE STRAIN OF BUSINESS

There is no room in modern business life for the indolent, dull-brained, or sleepy. Work has to be done at high pressure, and in a live office nowadays everyone, from the office boy to the principal, has to move quickly, or be left behind in the race. Hence there are cases of nervous breakdowns in every department, and more especially with those who have to think and plan, and on whose brain there is a perpetual strain.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF BRAIN EXHAUSTION

What is really wrong in nervous and brain exhaustion is that the delicate nerve and brain tissue is worn down, and something is urgently needed that will replace the worn-away tissue with new matter and foster its growth. Is there such a remedy as we have here indicated? Is there anything that will replace the worn tissue and promote its growth? Is there anything that will take away those feelings of utter weariness, terrible exhaustion, fatigue, and want of energy and power? The answer to these questions is found below.

BISHOP'S TONULES

are a combination of nerve-repairing elements, and their very composition enables them to provide nourishment for nerve and brain. The great value of Bishop's Tonules is that they nourish the nerves and completely rebuild them.

Bishop's Tonules supply the tissues with a vital element in an easily assimilable form, and as this element is a most important constituent of those cells which make up the brain and nerve substance, the value in nourishing brain and nerve will be readily understood. It is not pretended that immediately the first Tonule is taken nerve restoration follows, as such a claim would be obviously false and absurd. In the very nature of things, the treatment must take time, but if it is persevered with improvement is certain.

Under the influence of Bishop's Tonules the appetite improves, the assimilation of the food taken is promoted, the liver is stimulated, the flow of bile is increased, and the building up of the tissues is hastened. The various organs and tissues of the body all show improved activity. The eyes become brighter, the complexion more healthy, the thin and nervous gain flesh and flabby flesh becomes firm. The improvement made is real and genuine, because Bishop's Tonules go to the root of the trouble.

Business is Impossible

The various organs and tissues of the body all show improved activity. The eyes become brighter, the complexion more healthy, the thin and nervous gain flesh and flabby flesh becomes firm. The improvement made is real and genuine, because Bishop's Tonules go to the root of the trouble.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

A. W., New Cross, S.E., writes as follows: "I feel it my duty to let you know of the great benefit I have derived from Bishop's Tonules. I had been suffering severely for a long time from nervous and general debility, with anaemia, neuralgia, and very poor appetite. My lips and face became a livid colour, and when I arose in the morning I felt as though I hadn't the strength to do anything. When I heard of Bishop's Tonules I decided to try them. After I had taken several doses my neuralgia disappeared, my appetite improved, and the colour came back to my lips and face, and I arose in the morning much brighter and fresher, having lost that heavy, sleepy feeling. I continued the treatment regularly, and day by day my condition improved. I owe my cure entirely to Bishop's Tonules, and shall ever be grateful."

SEND FOR A VIAL,

which will be forwarded for 1s. 1d. post free within the U.K., or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Drug Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d., and with every vial is enclosed a booklet on nervous disorders. Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have, and all communications are regarded as confidential.

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Carry this Week's

"ANSWERS."

It may mean Gold for You.

WRITE for our ILLUSTRATED GUNNAY SALE CATALOGUE. 409 EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS. CARPETS, RUGS, CHAIRS, BEDS, QUELTS, FURNISHINGS.

REQUISITES, SKIRTS, &c, post free. Applicants sending I.P.O., or stamps, will also receive a Massive 16-carat Gold Pattern Curly Bracelet, with scented Heart Pendant, set Pearls and Turquoise's a Lady's Gold-set Expanding Ring (If any finger) a dainty Midget Photo Pendant Brooch, and a Mosterful Silk Slieve Handkerchief. These goods are sold at half price and can be approved.

W. H. ROBINSON & SONS (Dept. D.R.), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodley Road, Leeds.

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We do both. When you call on us we show you our stock and tell you our prices, which are cheaper than the Largest Cash Store. We don't ask whether you wish to pay Cash—you decide this for yourself. If you prefer to pay cash we allow you five per cent discount. If you prefer credit we send the goods now free without deposit or security.

PRICES FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY.			
Worth.	Month.	Worth.	Month.
25/-	2s.	12s.	12s.
50/-	4s.	25/-	25s.
100/-	8s.	50/-	50s.
200/-	16s.	100/-	100s.

Our furniture will stand no end of hard wear. ALL GOODS DELIVERED IN PLAIN CASES. THE STRICTEST PRIVACY GUARANTEED.

Special importance paid to young couples about to furnish, who would be most liberally dealt with.

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Circumstances alter cases,
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.
real hair
savers. **WAVERS**

A NEW ASPECT OF THE PRINCESS DRESS—NOURISHING CHEESE.

A VALUABLE FOOD.

HOW NORFOLK NEW MILK CHEESE IS MADE.

A good deal of interest has been aroused lately among travellers and those who are concerned in supplying emergency rations with regard to Irmitchuk, the name given by the Khirgises, of the Caspian Steppes, to the small, round cheese balls that form their chief food on the march. Three of these balls, weighing only two-fifths of an ounce, are said to provide sufficient sustenance for twenty-four hours for a man in ordinary health.

Though European cheese can claim no such highly-concentrated properties, it is very rich in proteids and energy-producing constituents, and thus is especially suited to those who from necessity or inclination eat little meat or lead an outdoor life. Indeed, it is a great misfortune that it is gradually being banished from the working man's table.

What the Groaning Cheese Was.

Important, indeed, was the part cheese played in rural households in the century we have left behind us. The wedding breakfast and the funeral feast alike were furnished forth with this homely dainty. Oat-cake and cheese, or currant-bread and cheese, while the piece de resistance at all rustic banquets, while the more epicurean townsman indulged in the delights of Welsh rabbit or mock crab. The groaning cheese was duly prepared before the birth of an infant, and was cut and distributed among the guests at the christening feast, the girls keeping their portions to be employed like wedding-cake as a means of divining the future.

Appreciated in the Antipodes.

The appreciation of cheese—as of oatmeal porridge, another too much neglected article of diet—seems to have migrated from England to the Antipodes. In Australia the Sundowner, or professional beggar of the country districts, invariably requests to be supplied with cheese for his meal, and is extremely annoyed if put off with mere mutton, which in that country costs one quarter the price of cheese.

Throughout the north of Europe the food value of cheese is recognised, and cut in thin slices it invariably appears on the breakfast-table to conclude the meal.

The new milk-cheeses made in Norfolk, eaten with an accompaniment of freshly-picked cresses or lettuce, form an ideal lunch for those who wish to dispense with meat. These "soft" cheeses, as they are locally called, are far more nutritious than cream cheese, which contains only the fatty portions of the milk, while they are less heating than ordinary cheese, and are thus better suited for a warm weather diet.

Cheese That Should Be Made Often.

They are easily made, being composed of new milk warmed and "cracked" in the same way as for the preparation of Devonshire junket. The whey is strained from the curd, and the latter is broken up with a fork and slightly salted. Norfolk housewives add a flavouring of mint, but this is not liked by all people. The curd is next tied up in a cheese cloth, and hung up to drain for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time it is pressed under weights and turned right and morning. It is ready for use in about three days, when it is of the consistency of cream cheese, but much whiter in colour. Turned carefully out of the cloth and sent to table with a garnish of salad, it is an excellent dish.

As these "soft" cheeses do not keep well after they are cut, they should be made quite small and at frequent intervals.

LINOLEUM ECONOMICALLY CLEANSED

Linoleum may be cleaned in this way. Take equal parts of olive oil and vinegar and rub the linoleum well with a soft duster. If treated in this way linoleum or oilcloth will last twice as long as when it is washed with soap and water.

WHY NOT?

Have
Absolutely Pure Cocoa

It costs you nothing extra
save remembering to say

CADBURY'S

LITTLE DRESS FRIPPERIES.

White lawn and lace chemisette are now very popular.

Onion pink is a new shade in gloves. It is delicate biscuit colour, with the faintest suggestion of pink in it.

Plain stockings or those with clocks or embroidery all in the same shade are liked better than contrasts in colour.

It is very essential that a petticoat should fit perfectly about the hips, for upon its shape depends largely the appearance of the outside skirt. Among the most serviceable skirts are those with alpaca tops and silk flounces. Ruffled or gauged flounces wear better than those that are pleated. A strong heavy Surah silk makes a good petticoat, while

A JAPANESE QUINCE DRESS.

THE QUEEN AND HER BEAUTIFUL EASTERN SILK GOWN.

The fact that the Queen lately received as a gift and wore a Japanese costume has caused Japanese silks to come into great favour. They are light, durable, pretty, and smart, and are being made up into handsome gowns. A Japanese silk which is very beautiful is one of quince colour, the tint of Japanese quince blossoms when they are neither red nor pink. The dress seen carried out in this



The Princess toilette has had a great success in Paris this season. It is shown above made of dove cashmere, with a draped bolero above the waist gauged into a lace yoke. The other gown is made of fine lizard-green cloth, with gofferings of paler green silk upon the bolero and sleeves, and a green suede belt and buttons.

walking skirts of shot silk are very pretty trimmed simply with a ruche about the edge of them.

Soft grey suede is the foundation for a beautiful belt, which is studded with cut-steel beads and ends in a cut-steel buckle.

Soft, filmy chiffon is gathered in sashes high all the way round the waist, but especially so directly at the front and back.

BRAISED GROUSE.

INGREDIENTS.—Two grouse, six slices of fat ham, a teaspoonful of chopped shallot, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a pint of stock, salt, pepper and castor sugar, a little flour for thickening.

Pluck, draw, and singe the grouse, and truss them neatly. Put the thin slices of ham in a stew-pan, place the birds in it and sprinkle them with the parsley and onion, salt, pepper, and sugar; cover them with the remaining slices of ham, pour in the stock and cover the pan. Let it simmer very gently till the birds are tender. Put them on a hot dish, and garnish them with watercress. Strain the gravy, thicken it slightly with a little flour, season it to taste, and, if liked, add a little red wine to it. Strain it into a hot sauce tureen.

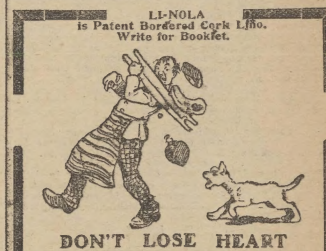
6

pages—The London
"Evening News," which
is the evening edition
of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

all-pink hat and long black suede gloves reaching to the elbow-sleeves, and was a very cool and picturesque summer toilette.

There's a reason For the great popularity of Grape-Nuts



DON'T LOSE HEART
because you find your daily toil is too much. Examine carefully what labour it is in the house that seems to occupy most of your time, and we are almost certain you will find floor-scrubbing accounts for most of your trouble. If you find this so, decide to have CATESBY'S CORK LINO, because with this material on your floors labour will be cut down one half, because CATESBY'S CORK LINO requires no scrubbing and harbours no dust or dirt. It is a beautiful material, and easily bought by means of our Easy Terms. Write for free samples, then buy on Easy Terms, or secure the discount we allow of 25% in the 2 for cash. We pay carriage.

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4 by 4	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	

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A STYLISH SKIRT FREE.

FOR POSTAL ORDER 1s. 9d.

We will forward a Hensons' Waist-belt which a dressmaker might give, together with our genuine offer of a Stylish Tailor-made SKIRT FREE, by return post. These skirts are made in all sizes in the latest West End style. They are supplied in various shades or to special order, which is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. We give them free in order to increase the sale of our Belts.

THE CITY SKIRT COY.,
DEPT. 4,
47, Fleet Street, LONDON, E.C.

No wonder there are so many discontented servants.

No wonder there are so many haggard overworked wives.

Whose fault?

Their own!

If they will but use Fels-Naptha soap the perfectly easy, simple way, without hot water or chemicals, half of the drudgery of house-cleaning is avoided at once, half of the time washing clothes is saved.

There's no secret about the why of it—Fels-Naptha is soap with naphtha.

Don't have hot water nor any chemicals with Fels-Naptha soap and all will be right.

Of grocers, 21d a bar.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilton street London EC

Belle Saville.....	4	8	11	Jinshaway.....	3	7	4
aCharis.....	3	8	6	Desiree.....	3	7	4
Cyanean.....	3	8	6	aWhite Star Line..	3	7	4
ast. Florentin.....	3	8	3	Premiere Marche	3	7	4
Rievaulx.....	3	8	3				

COUNTY STAND HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Six furlongs.			
Boyet	4	9	0
Japan	5	8	12
Dayfield	3	8	8
Crailgalachio	3	8	8
Adams	3	8	8
Prasun	3	8	8
Stillingfleet	3	8	8
Sea Giver	3	8	8
Verdiana	3	8	8
Alvewell	3	8	8

LAMBTON TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 120 sovs. second to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each for starters; second 10 sovs. Five furlongs.			
Dragon	9	5	0
Parasi	9	5	0
Argyle's Top	9	5	0
Edie Jackson	9	5	0
Norrie	9	5	0
Cawwell	9	5	0
Gallop	9	5	0
Gold Anchor	9	5	0
Jonnil	9	5	0
Spanish Orphan	9	5	0
Academian	9	5	0
Rene	9	5	0
Argonia	9	5	0
Plus	9	5	0
Bonnie Self	9	5	0
Wycliffe	9	5	0

FOLKESTONE.

1.20.—THE REGULATION PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile two furlongs.			
Given Up	9	5	0
Acrore	4	8	4
Leslie Carter	4	8	4
Capri	4	8	4
Praxina	4	8	4
Love Apple	4	8	4
Winkro	4	8	4
Butterworth	4	8	4

2.30.—DOVER SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and a quarter.			
Departed	9	5	0
Blackberry	4	8	4
Seahull	4	8	4
Tom Tucker	4	8	4
Morganate	4	8	4
Live in Bed	4	8	4
Julia Wolf	4	8	4

2.30.—HYTHE JUVENILE MAIDEN PLATE of 100 sovs. for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.			
Love Song	9	5	0
St. Frida	9	5	0
Simply	9	5	0
Warfield's Pride	9	5	0
Evergreen	9	5	0
Really Wit	9	5	0
Centre	9	5	0
Heaven	9	5	0
Corbett	9	5	0
First Crop	9	5	0
Nero	9	5	0
Ever Ready	9	5	0
Well-bred	9	5	0
Aslan	9	5	0
Sybil Primrose	9	5	0
Yellie	9	5	0

3.0.—THE HARBOUR SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs.			
Cloture	9	5	0
Retire	4	8	4
Nashford	4	8	4
Chilham	4	8	4
Doctor	4	8	4
Grocer	4	8	4
Luke Delmage	4	8	4

3.50.—THE KENT HANDICAP of 250 sovs. second 100 sovs. third 10 sovs. One mile and two furlongs.			
Kilwell	9	5	0
Respire	4	8	4
Griffin	4	8	4
Alphind	4	8	4
Lapins	4	8	4
Enchamps	4	8	4
Hyemans	4	8	4
St. Engat	4	8	4
Fisher Girl	4	8	4
Grey Goblin	4	8	4
Sonnet	4	8	4
Maria	4	8	4
Liza Johnson	4	8	4
Killy	4	8	4

4.0.—ROMNEY HIGH WEIGHT HANDICAP of 100 sovs. Six furlongs.			
Vergeria	4	8	4
Topo	4	8	4
Capri	4	8	4
Mary Belle	4	8	4
He of Man	4	8	4
Ocean	4	8	4
Melodious	4	8	4
Alamaster Gate	4	8	4
Chant	4	8	4

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

STOCKTON.			
County Stand Handicap—Engage.			
Willow Weller Handicap—Lady Hawker.			
Julius Cup—Kilgus and Deane.			
Stockton engagements—Bachelors' Walk, Leslie Carter, and Reprive III.			

MISCELLANEOUS.			
Folkestone engagements—Leslie Carter, Exquire, and Jollybird.			
Summer Handicap, Hurst Park—Rosano.			
Barfield Welter, Hurst Park—Gully.			
All engagements—Tom Thumb.			

TRIALS AT NEWMARKET.

W. Jarvis's Rose Lips (J. Jarvis, 1 St. Don't colt 2.	
West Florence (J. Jarvis, 1 St. Don't colt 2.	
W. Jarvis's Rose Lips (J. Jarvis, 1 St. Don't colt 2.	
W. Jarvis's Rose Lips (J. Jarvis, 1 St. Don't colt 2.	

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

All who suffer from the heat should add a few drops of Cond's Fluid to the Daily Bath.

A Cond's Fluid Bath imparts a delightful sensation of Coolness, Freshness and Purity. It invigorates the body and braces the nerves. The Cooling effect is Simply Magical, it is so lasting.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/- 8 oz., 20-oz. 2/- All substitutes are inferior. Buy "Cond's Fluid."

Free to the Ruptured

A HOME CURE

That has Cured Thousands Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE TO ALL.

You need not longer suffer the annoyance and discomfort of truss wearing, or the constant danger of strangulation, or the dread of a surgical operation, since the celebrated Rice Method of curing Rupture has been placed within the easy reach of suffering humanity. To illustrate the perfect principle upon which this method of cure is based, we show a picture of a mason brick up an opening in a wall. When the opening is filled the wall is stronger and more enduring than ever, because the damaged part has been replaced with new and perfect brick. It must be so with the cure of a rupture, which is a small break or opening in the muscular wall surrounding the abdomen. Results obtained in thousands of cases prove conclusively that the Rice Method establishes a true, natural healing process that fills in and closes up the opening in the muscle in the same perfect manner that the mason fills up the opening in the wall, and, as the tissue is new and more thoroughly bound together, the rupture can never reappear. Why continue to buy steel, spring trusses which are worthless instruments of torture, when this perfect Method, which will add years of comfort and freedom from suffering to your life, is within your easy reach?

For the immediate benefit and relief of all ruptured people, a sample treatment and complete details will be sent free (sealed and post paid) to all who write at once. This is a thoroughly tried method that has cured every kind and condition of rupture in men, women and children—the labouring man as well as the gentleman of leisure—at home, without operation, pain, danger or loss of time, and at a small cost. A cure will mean freedom from suffering and years of comfort added to the length of your life. Don't fail to write once for the free trial and learn all about this Godsend to the ruptured. Address W. S. RICE, SPECIALIST (B 14), 8 & 9, STONECUTTER ST., LONDON, E.C.

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My father had been suffering from Nervous Headache and Rheumatism for 12 years, and was now so weak that he could not get out of bed. He was now so weak that he could not get out of bed. He was now so weak that he could not get out of bed.

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Nervousness AND Depression.

A person whose Digestion is weak becomes Dyspeptic, Nervous, and generally Run-down because the Body is ill-nourished, and suffers from what is known as malnutrition—the Nerves in particular.

This is why so many people—especially Women—are depressed, morbid, melancholy, irritable, and suffer so terribly from prolonged or intermittent Nervous attacks, facial agonies, Neuralgia, etc.

Those who have weak Digestion have urgent need of Guy's Tonic. Those who are Nervous and subject to Nerve Pains, Headache, Backache, Facial Attacks, also need Guy's Tonic. This Remedy first brings about Good Appetite and Perfect Digestion, and thus promotes enjoyment of Food, preventing the appearance of unpleasant Symptoms after meals.

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Mr. J. Bird, of Summer-lake, Birmingham, writes:

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